



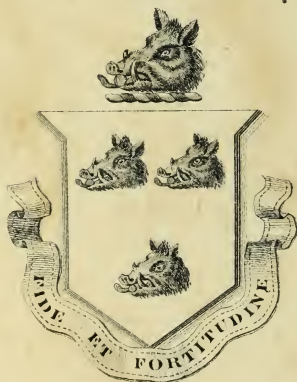
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*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

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THE  
HEIRE  
AN  
EXCELLENT  
COMEDIE.

As it was lately Acted by the Company  
of the Reuels.

Writren by T. M. Gent.



LONDON,

Printed by B. A. for *Thomas Iones*, and are to bee  
sold at his shop in Chancery-lane, ouer-against  
the Roles, and in Westminster Hall.

1622.

XG. 3974.32

151.615-

May 1873



TO MY HONOURED  
friend, master Thomas May, vpon  
his Comedy, *The Heire.*

**T**He Heire being borne, was in his tender age  
Rockt in the Cradle of a private Stage,  
Where lifted up by many a willing hand,  
The child doth from the first day fairely stand,  
Since, hauing gathered strength, he dares preferre  
His steps into the publicke Theater  
The World: where he dispaire not but to find  
A doome from men more able, but lesse kind.

I but his Vsher am, yet if my word  
May passe, I dare be bound he will afford  
Things must deserue a welcome, is well knowne  
Such as best writers would haue wisht their owne.

You shall obserue his words in order meete,  
And often stealing on, with equall feete  
Slide into equall numbers, with such grace  
As each word had beene moulded for that place.

You shall perceiue an amorous passion, spun  
Into so smooth a web, as had the sunne,  
When he pursu'd the swiftly flying Maid,  
Courtied her in such language she had staid,  
Alone so well exprest must be the same,  
The Author felt himselfe from his faire flame.

The whole plot doth like it selfe disclose  
Through the fine Acts, as doth a Locke, that goes  
With letters, for till euery one be knowne,  
The Lock's as fast as if you had found none.  
And where his sportiue Muse doth draw a thred  
Of mirth, chaste Matrons may not blush to reade.



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Thus haue I thought it fitter to reueale  
My want of art (deare friend) then to conceale  
My loue. It did appeare I did not meane  
So to commend thy well-wrought Comicke-Sceane,  
As men might iudge my aime rather to be,  
To gaine praise to my selfe, then giue it thee;  
Though I can giue thee none but what thou hast  
Deseru'd, and what must my faint breath out last.

Yet was this garment (though I skillesse be  
To take thy measure) onely made for thee,  
And if it proue to scant, 'tis cause the stuffe  
Nature allow'd me, was not large enough.

Thomas Carew



## The Names of the A&tors.

Virro, *An old rich Count.*  
Polimetes, *An old Lord.*  
Eugenio, *His sonne.*  
Leucothoe, *His Daughter.*  
Roscio, *His man.*  
Euphues, *Another Lord.*  
Philocles, *His sonne.* (locles,  
Clerimont, *A gentleman, friend to Phi-*  
Franklin, *An old rich gentleman.*  
Luce, *His daughter.*  
Francisco, *A young man.*  
Shallow, *A foolish Gentleman.*  
Nicanor, *A Courtier.*  
Matho, *A Lawyer.*  
Psecas, *A waiting Gentlewoman.*  
A Parson.  
A Sumner.  
A Constable and Watch.  
Seruants.

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## Prologus.

**I**Vicious friends, if what shall heere be seene  
May tast your sence, or ope your tickled spleene,  
Our Author has his wish, he does not meane  
To rub your gawles with a satyricke sceane,  
Nor toyle your braines to find the fustian sence,  
Of those poore lines that cannot recompence  
The paines of study, Comedies soft straine  
Should not perplexe, but recreate the braine;  
His straine is such, he hopes, he dares not sweare,  
That he referres to your iudicious care,  
Our Author knowes, and therefore dares not vaine,  
No foole so hatefull as the Arrogant.

AN

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# AN EXCELLENT COMEDY CALLED the Heire.

*Enter Polimetes, Roscio.*

*Pol.* **R** *Oscio.* *Ro.* My Lord.  
*Pol.* Hast thou divulg'd the newes  
That my sonne dy'd at Athens. *Ref.* Yes my Lord,  
With euery circumstance, the time, the place,  
And manner of his death; that it is beleeu'd  
And told for newes with as much confidence  
As if twere writ in Gallobelgicus.

*Pol.* That's well, that's very well, now *Roscio*  
Followes my part, I must expresse a griefe  
Not vsuall, not like a well left heire  
For his dead father, or a lusty Widdow  
For her old husband, must I counterfeit,  
But in a deeper, a farre deeper straine  
Weepe like a Father for his onely sonne,  
Is not that hard to doe, ha, *Roscio?*

*Ro.* Oh no my Lord,  
Not for your skill, has not your Lordship scene  
A player personate *Ieronimo?*

*Pol.* By th'masse tis true, I haue seen the knaue paint griefe  
In such a liuely colour, that for false  
And acted passion he has drawne true teares  
From the spectators eyes, Ladyes in the boxes  
Kept time with sighes, and teares to his sad accents  
As had he truely bin the new man he seemd.  
Well then Ile neere dispaire, but tell me thou  
Thou that hast still beene priuy to my bosome,  
How will this project take?

*An excellent Comedy*

*Rosc.* Rarely my Lord,  
Euen now my thinkes, I see your Lordships house  
Haunted with suitors of the noblest ranke,  
And my yong Lady your supposed Heire  
Tir'd more with woing then the Grecian Queene  
In the long absence of her wandring Lord.  
There's not a ruinous nobility  
In all this kingdome, but conceiues a hope  
Now to rebuild his fortunes on this match.

*Pol.* Those are not they I looke for, no, my nets  
Are spread for other game, the rich and greedy  
Those that haue wealth enough, yet gape for more  
They are for me, *Ros* Others will come my Lord,  
All sorts of fish will presse vpon your nets,  
Then in your Lordships wisdom it must lie  
To cull the great ones, and reiect the fric.

*Pol.* Nay feare not that, there's none shall haue access  
To see my daughter, or to speake to her,  
But such as I approue, and ayme to catch.

*Ro.* The iest will be, my Lord, when you shall see  
How your aspiring suitors will put on  
The face of greatnesse, and bely their fortunes  
Consume themselues in shew, wasting like Marchants  
Their present wealth in rigging a fayre ship  
For some ill venture de voyage, that vndoes vm.  
Here comes a youth with letters from the Court,  
Bought of some fauourite at such a price  
As will for euer sinke him, yet alas  
Aall's to no purpose, he must loose the prize.

*Pol.* This was a iest well thought of, the conceit  
Will feed me fat, with sport that it shall make,  
Besides the large aduentures it brings home  
Vnto my daughter. How now.

*enter seruants*

*Ser.* My Lord, Count *Virro* is come to see you.

*Pol.* Conduct him in; So, so, it takes already  
See *Roscio* see, this is the very man  
My proiect aynd at, the rich Count that knowes

No end of his large wealth, yet gapes for more  
There was no other loadstone could attract  
His Iron heart; for could beauty haue mou'd him,  
Nature has beene no niggard to my girle,  
But I must to my griefe, here comes the Count.

*Enter Count Virro.*

*Vir.* Is your Lord a sleepe? *Re.* No Sir.  
I thinke not, my Lord, Count *Virro.*

*Vir.* How doe you Sir.

*Pol.* I do intreat your Lordship pardon, my griefe  
and some want of sleepe haue made mee at this time vn-  
mannerly, not fit to entertaine guests of your worth.

*Vir.* Alas Sir I know your griefe.

*Re.* T was that that fetcht you hither.

*aside.*

*Vir.* Y'haue lost a worthy and a hopefull sonne,  
But heauen that alwayes giues, will sometimes take  
And that the best, there is no balsome left vs  
To cure such wounds as these but patience,  
There's no disputing with the acts of heauen,  
But if there were, in what could you accuse  
Those powers that else haue beene so liberall to you,  
And left you yet one comfort in your age:  
A faire and vertuous daughter.

*Res.* Now it begins.

*Vir.* Your blood is not extinct, nor your age childlesse,  
from that sayre branch thats left may come much fruite to  
glad posteritie, thinke on that my Lord.

*Pol.* Nay heauen forbid I should repine at what the  
Iustice of those powers ordaine, it has pleas'd  
Them to confine my care onely to one, and to  
See her well bestow'd is all the comfort I now  
Must looke for, but if it had pleas'd heauen that  
My sonne, ah my *Eugenio.*

*he weepes.*

*Vir.* Alas good Gentleman.

*Res.* Fore heauen he does it rarely.

*Vir.* But Sir, remember your selfe, remember your  
Daughter, let not your griefe for the dead make



You forget the liuing, whose hopes, and fortunes  
Depend vpon your safety.

*Pol.* Oh my good Lord, you neuer had a soone.

*Ros.* Vnlesse they were bastards, and for them no  
Doubt but he has done as other Lords do.

*Pol.* And therefore cannot tell what tis to looke  
A sonne, a good sonne, and an onely sonne.

*Vir.* I would, my Lord, I could as well redresse  
As I can take compassion of your grieve  
You should soone finde an ease.

*Pol.* Pray Pardon me my Lord, if I forget my selfe to-  
ward you at this time, if it please you visite my house after  
you shall be welcome.

*Vir.* You would faine sleepe my Lord, Ile take my leaue  
heauen send you comfort, I shall make bold shortly to  
visite you.

*Pol.* You shall be wondrous welcome,  
Wait on my Lord out there.

*exit Virro.*

So now he's gone, how thinkst thou *Roscio*,  
Will not this Gudgeon bite? *Ro.* No doubt my Lord,  
So faire a bayte would catch a cunning fish.

*Pol.* And such a one is he, he euer lou'd  
The beauty of my girle, but thats not it  
Can draw the earth bred thoughts of his grosse soule  
Gold is the God of his idolatry,  
With hope of which Ile feed him, till at length  
I make him fasten, and Ixion like  
For his lou'd luno graspe an empty clowd.

*Ros.* How stands my yong Lady affected to him.

*Pol.* There's all the difficulty, we must win her to loue  
him, I doubt the peeuish Gyrle will thinke him too  
old, he's well neere threescore: in this businesse I must  
leauue somewhat to thy wit and care, prayse him beyond  
all measure.

*Ros.* Your Lordship euer found me trusty.

*Pol.* If thou effect it, I will make thee happy.

*exunt*

*Enter Philocles, Clerimont.*

By

*Phi.* *Eugenios* sister then is the rich heire

By his decease. *Cler.* Yes, and the faire one too,  
She needs no glosse that fortune can set on her,  
Her beauty of it selfe were prize enough  
To make a king turne begger for. *Phi.* Hoy day,  
What in loue *Clermont*, I lay my life tis so,  
Thou couldst not praise her with such passion else.

*Cler.* I know not, but I slept well enough last night,  
But if thou sawst her once, I would not giue  
A farthing for thy life, I tell thee *Philocles*  
One sight of her would make thee cry, ay me,  
Sigh, and looke pale, me thinkes I do imagine  
How like an Idolatrous loue thou wouldst looke  
Through the eye-lids, know no body.

*Phi.* Tis very well, but how did your worship soape  
Youe haue seene her. *Cler.* True, but I haue an  
Antidote, and I can teach it thee. *Phi.* When  
I haue need on't Ile desire it. *Cler.* And twill  
Be worth thy learning, when thou shalt see the  
Tyranny of that same seuruy boy, and what fooles  
He makes of vs, shall I describe the beast?

*Phi.* What beast? *Cler.* A louer. *Phi.* Doe.

*Cler.* Then to be brieft, I will passe ouer the opinion of  
your ancient fathers, as likewise those strange Loues spo-  
ken of in the Authenticke histories of chiuallric *Amadis*  
*du Gaule*, *Parisinus*, the Knight of the Sunne, or the witty  
Knight *Don Quixot de la Manca*, where those braue men,  
neither Enchantments, Gyants, Wind-mills, nor flockes of  
sheepe could vanquish, are made the trophyes of tryum-  
phing loue.

*Phi.* Prithce come to the matter.

*Cler.* Neither will I mention the complaints of *Sir Guy*  
for the faire *Phelis*, nor the trauels of *Parisinus* for the loue  
of the beautious *Laurana*, nor lastly, the most sad pennance  
of the ingenious knight *Don Quixot* vpon the mountains  
of *Scienna Morena*, mooued by the vniust disdain of the  
Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, as for our moderne Authors, I

Will not so much as name them, no not that excellent treatise of *Tullies* Loue, written by the Master of Art.

*Phi.* I would thou wouldst passe over this passing or uer of Authors, and speake thine owne iudgement.

*Cler.* Why then to be brieft, I thinke a Louer lookes like an Ass.

*Phi.* I can describe him better then so my selfe, he lookes like a man that had sitten vp at Cards all night, or a stale Drunkard wakened in the middest of his sleepe.

*Cler.* But *Phisicles*, I would not haue thee see this Lady, she has a bewitching looke.

*Phi.* How darest thou venture man, what strange medicine hast thou found, *Ousd* neere taught it thee, I doubt I guesse thy remedy, for loue, goe to a bawdy house or so, ist not? *Cler.* Faith, and that's a good way I can tell you, we yonger brothers are beholding to it, alas wee must not fall in loue and choose whom wee like best, wee haue no Ioyntures for vrn, as you blest heires can haue.

*Phi.* Well I haue found you Sir, and prithce tell me, how got'st thou Wenches?

*Cler.* Why I can want no Panders, I lye in the Constables house. *Phi.* And there you may whoore by authority, But *Clerimont*, I doubt this Parragon That thou so praisest, is some ill fauoured Wench Whom thou wouldst haue me laugh at for commending.

*Cler.* By heauen I spoke in earnest, trust your eyes, He shew you her. *Phi.* How canst thou doe it? Thou know'st this Ladies father is to mine A deadly enemy, nor is his house, Open to any of our kindred. *Cler.* That's no matter, My lodging's the next doore to this Lords house, And my backe Window looks into his Garden, There euery morning faire *Leucothoe*, (For so I heare her nam'd) walking alone, To please her senses makes *Aurora* blush, To see on brighter then her selfe appeare.

*Phi.* Well I will see her then.

*Exeunt.*  
En.



called the Heire.

Enter *Franklin, Francisco, Luce* grauida.

*Franc.* Yet for her sake be aduised better Sir,

*Frank.* Impudent Rascall, canst looke me i<sup>n</sup> th face,  
And know how thou hast wrong'd me, thou hast  
Dishonoured my Daughter, made a whoore on her.

*Franc.* Gentle Sir,  
The wrong my loue has made to your faire Daughter  
Tis now too late to wish vndone againe,  
But if you please, it may be yet clos'd vp  
Without dishonour, I will marry her.

*Frank.* Marry her, she has a hot catch of that, marry a  
Begger, what Iointure canst thou make her?

*Franc.* Sir I am poore I must confesse,  
Fortune has blest you better, but I sweare  
By all things that can bind, twas not your wealth  
Was the foundation of my true built loue,  
It was her single vncompounded selfe,  
Her selfe without addition that I lou'd,  
Which shall for euer in my sight outweigh  
All other womens fortunes, and themselues,  
And were I great, as great as I could wish  
My selfe for her aduancement, no such barre  
As Fortunes inequality should stand  
Betwixt our louers.

*Luce.* Good Father heare me.

*Frank.* Dost thou not blush to call me father, Strumpet  
Ile make thee an example.

*Luce.* But heare me  
Sir, my shame will be your owne.

*Frank.* No more I say, *Francisco* leaue my house, I charge  
You come not heere. *Franc.* I must obey and will,  
Deare *Luce* be constant. *Luce.* Till death

*Exit Francisco.*

*Frank.* Here's a fine wedding towards, the  
Bridegroom when he comes for his bride,

Shall

Shall find her great with child by another man,  
Passion a me minion, how haue you hid it so long?

*Luc.* Fearing your anger Sir, I strin'd to hide it.

*Frank.* Hide it one day more then, or be damn'd,  
Hide it till *Shallow* be married to thee,  
And then let him do his worst.

*Lu.* Sir I should too much wrong him.

*Frank.* Wrong him, there bee great Ladies haue done  
the like, tis no newes to see a bride with childe.

*Lu.* Good Sir.

*Frank.* Then be wise, lay the child to him, he's a rich  
man, tother's a beggar. *Lu.* I dare not Sir.

*Frank.* Do it I say, and he shall father it.

*Lu.* He knowes he neuer touch me Sir.

*Frank.* Thats all one, lay it to him, weelee out face him  
tis his: but harke, he is comming, I heare the Musicke,  
swear thou wilt doe thy best to make him thinke tis his,  
swear quickly. *Lu.* I doe.

*Frank.* Go step aside, and come when thy que is, thou  
shalt heare vs talke. *Luce aside.*

*Enter Shallow with Musicke.*

*Sha.* Morrow Father. *Frank.* Sonne bridegroome  
welcome, you haue beene lookt for here.

*Sha.* My Tayler a little disappointed me, but is my  
Bride ready.

*Frank.* Yes long ago, but you and I will talke a little,  
send in your Musicke.

*Sha.* Go wait within, and tell me father, did she not  
Thinke it long till I came. *Frank.* I warrant  
Her she did, she loues you not a little.

*Sha.* Nay that I dare sweare, she has giuen me many  
Tasts of her affection. *Frank.* What before you  
Were married. *Sha.* I meane, in the way  
Of honesty father. *Fran.* Nay that I doubt,  
Yong wits loue to be trying, and to say  
Truth, I see not how a woman can deny a man  
Of your youth and person vpon those tearmes,

Youke



Youle not be knowne ont now. *Sba.* I haue kist Her or so. *Fran.* Come, come, I know you are no Foole, I should thinke you a very Ass, nay I tell You plainly, I should be loth to marry my Daughter to you if I thought you had not tride Her in so long acquaintance, but you haue tride Her, and she poore soule could not deny you.

*Sba.* Ha ha ha. *Frank.* Faith tell me sonne, tis but a Merry question, she's yours. *Sba.* Vpon my Virginitie father. *Frank.* Swear not by that, Ile nere belecue you. *Sba.* Why then as I am A Gentleman I neuer did it that I remember.

*Frank.* That you remember, oh ist thereabouts.

*Luc.* Heele take it vpon him presently.

*Frank.* You haue beene so familiar with her, You haue forgot the times, but did you neuer Come in halfe fuddled, and then in a kinde humour, *Cetera quis nescit.*

*Sba.* Indeed I was wont to serue my mothers maides so when I came halfe foxt as you sayd, and then next morning I should laugh to my selfe.

*Frank.* Why there it goes, I thought to haue chid you sonne *Shallow*, I knew what you had done, tis too apparant, I would not haue people take notice of it, pray God she hide her great belly as she goes to Church to day. *Sba.* Why father is she with child?

*Frank.* As if you knew not that, fie, fie, leaue your dissembling now. *Sba.* Sure it cannot be mine.

*Frank.* How's this, you would not make my daughter a whore, would you? this is but to try if you can stirre my choller, your wits haue strange trickes, do things ouer night when you are merry, and then deny vm. But stay, here she comes alone, step aside, she shall not see vs,

*they step aside.*

*Lu.* Ah my deare *Shallow*, thou needst not haue made Such hast, my heart thou knowest was firme enough To thee, but I may blame my owne fond loue,

That could not deny thee.

*Shal.* She's with child indeed, it swels,

*Fran.* You would not belecue me, tis a good wench,  
She does it handsomely. *Luc.* But yet I know if  
Thou hadst bin thy selfe, thou wouldst neere haue  
Offered it, twas drinke that made thee.

*Shal.* Yes sure, I was drunke when I did it, for I had  
Forgot it, I lay my life twill proue a girle  
Because twas got in drinke.

*Lu.* I am ashamed to see any body.

*Frank.* Alas poore wretch, go comfort her, *Luce.*

*Shal.* Sweet heart, nay neuer bee ashamed, I was a little  
too hasty, but Ile make thee amends, wee be married  
presently.

*Fran.* Be cheery *Luce*, you were man and wife before,  
it wanted but the ceremony of the Church, and that shall  
be presently done.

*Shal.* I I, sweet heart, as soone as may be.

*Frank.* But now I thinke ont sonne *Shallow*, your wed-  
ding must not now be publicke, as we intended it.

*Shal.* Why so?

*Frank.* Because I would not haue people take notice of  
this fault, wee go to Church, onely we three, the Mini-  
ster and the Cleark, thats witnesses enough, so the time be-  
ing vnknowne, people will thinke you were married be-  
fore.

*Shal.* But will it stand with my worship to be married  
in priuate.

*Frank.* Yes, yes, the greatest do it, when they haue bene  
nibbling before hand, there is no other way to saue your  
brides credite. *Shal.* Come lets about it presently.

*Fank.* This is closd vp beyond our wishes.

*Exeunt, manet Luce.*

*Luc.* I am vndone, vnlesse, thy wit *Francisco*,  
Can find some meanes to free me from this foole,  
Who would haue thought the sot could be so grosse  
To take vpon him what he neuer did,

*called the Heire.*

To his owne shame, he send to my *Francisco*,  
And I must loose no time, for I am dead,  
If not deliuered from this loathed bed.

## Actus secundus.

*Enter Philocles, Clerimont at the window.*

*Cler.* SEE *Philocles*, yonders that happy shade,  
That often vailes the faire *Leucothoe*,  
And this her vsuall howre, sheele not be long,  
Then thou shalt tell me, if so rare an obiect  
Ere blest thine eyes before.

*Phil.* Well, I would see her once,  
Wert but to try thy iudgement *Clerimont*.

*Cler.* And when thou doest, remember what I told thee,  
I would not be so sicke, but soft looke to thy heart,  
Yonder she comes, and thats her waiting woman.

*Leucothoe and Psecas in the garden.*

Now gaze thy fill, speake man how likest thou her.

*Leu.* *Psecas.* *Psecas.* Madam.

*Leu.* What flower was that  
That thou wert telling such a story of  
Last night to me. *Pse.* Tis call *Narcissus* Madam.  
It beares the name of that too beautious boy,  
That lost himselfe by louing of himselfe,  
Who viewing in a faire and cristall streame  
Those lips that onely he could neuer kisse,  
Dotes on the shadow, which to reach in vaine  
Striuing, he drwones, thus scorning all beside  
For the loued shadow the fairer substance dyde.

*Leu.* Fie fie, I like not these impossible tales,  
A man to fall in loue with his owne shadow,  
And died for loue, it is most ridiculous.

*Pse.* Madam I know not, I haue often scene



Both men and women court the looking glasse  
With so much seeming contentation,  
That I could thinke this true, nay weare it about vñ  
As louers do their Mistresse counterfeir.

*Len.* That's not for loue, but to correct their beauties  
And draw from others admiration,  
For all the comfort that our faces giue  
Vnto our selues is but reflection  
Of that faire liking that another takes.

*Cler.* I would we were a little neerer vñ  
We might but heare what talke these wenches haue  
When they are alone, I warrant some good stufte.

*Phi.* Tis happinelle enough for me to see  
The motion of her lips.

*Cler.* I faith ist thereabouts,  
Why *Philocles*, what lost already man,  
Strooke dead with one poore glance, looke vp for shame  
And tell me how thou likest my iudgement now,  
Now thou doest see.

*Phi.* Ah *Cleremont* too well,  
Too well I see what I shall neuer taste,  
Yon Ladies beautie: she must needs be cruell  
(Though her faire shape deny it) to the sonne  
Of him that is her fathers enemy,  
That, *Cleremont*, that fatall difference  
Checkes my desire, and sinkes my rising hopes,  
But loue's a torrent violent if stopt,  
And I am desperately mad: I must  
I must be hers, or else I must not be.

*Cler.* Containe that passion that will else ouerwhelme  
All vertue in you, all that is called man,  
And should be yours, take my aduice my heart  
My life to second you, let vs consult,  
You may find time to speake to her and woe her:

*Phi.* May, nay I will in spite of destinie,  
Let women and faint hearted fooles complaine  
In languishing dispayre, a manly loue,

Dares shew it selfe and presse to his desires  
Through thickest troopes of horid opposites,  
Were there a thousand waking Dragons set  
To keepe that golden fruit: I would attempt  
To plucke and taste it, tis the danger crownes  
A braue atchieuement: what if I should goe  
And boldly wooe her in her fathers house  
In spite enmity, what could they say?

*Cle.* Twere madnesse that not wisdome rash attempts  
Betray the meanes, but neuer worke the end.

*Phi.* She would not hate a man for louing her,  
Or if she did, better be once deemed  
Then liue for euer haplesse.

*Cle.* But take time,  
The second thoughts our wise men say are best.

*Phi.* Delaye's a double death, no I haue thought  
A meanes, that straight Ile put in execution,  
Ile write a Letter to her presently,  
Take how it will.

*Cle.* A Letter, who shall carry it?

*Phi.* Ile tell thee when I haue done, hast thou Pen and  
Inke in thy Chamber.

*Cle.* Yes, there is one vpon the Table, Ile stay here at the  
window, and watch whether she stay or not, what a sud-  
den change is this.

*Leu.* Did not count *Virro* promise to be heare  
To day at dinner.

*Pse.* Yes Madame that he did, and I dare sweare  
He will not breake.

*Leu.* He needes not, he is rich enough, vnlesse  
Hee should breake in knauery, as some of our Merchants  
doe now adayes.

*Pse.* Breake promise Madame I meane, &c that he will not  
For your sake, you know his businesse.

*Leu.* I would I did not, he might spare his paines  
And that vnusuall cost, that he bestowes  
In pranking vp himselfe, and please me better

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He would not please his Taylor and his Barbar,  
For they got more for your sake by their Lord  
Then they got thistwenty yeeres before.

*Leu.* Ah *Psecas*, *Psecas*, can my father thinke  
That I can loue Count *Virro*, one so old  
(That were enough to make a match vnfit)  
But one so base, a man that neuer loued  
For any thing called good, but drosse and pelfe,  
One that would neuer, had my brother liued  
Haue mooued this sute, no I can neuer loue him,  
But canst thou keepe a secret firmly *Psecas*.

*P/c.* Doubt me not Madame.

*Leu.* Well Ile tell thee then,  
I loue, alas, I dare not say I loue him,  
But there's a yong and noble Gentleman,  
Lord *Euphras* sonne, my fathers enemy,  
A man whom natures prodigality  
Stretcht euen to enuy in the making vp,  
Once from a Window my pleased eye beheld  
This youthfull Gallant as he rode the streete,  
On a coruetting Courser, who it seemed  
Knew his faire load, and with a proud disdain  
Checkt the base earth, my father being by  
I ask't his name, he told me *Philocles*,  
The sonne and Heyre of his great enemy:  
Iudge *Psecas* then, how my deuided brest,  
Suffered betweene two meeting contraries,  
Hatred and Loue, but Loues a deity,  
And must preuaile against mortals, whose command  
Not *loue* himselfe could euer yet withstand.

*Cle.* What is the letter done already, I see these Louers  
haue nimble inuentions, but how will you send it,

*Phi.* What a question's that, seest thou this stone.

*Cle.* Ah, then I see your drift, this stone must guide your  
Fleeting Letter in the Ayre, and carry it to that  
Faire Marke you ayme at.

*Phi.* Hard by her.

*Cle.* I



*called the Heire.*

*Cle.* I think you would not hit her with such stones as this,  
Lady looke to your selfe, he that now throwes one  
Stone at you, hopes to hit you with two.

*Phi.* But prethee tell mee what doest thinke this Letter  
may doe.

*Cle.* Well I hope,  
Tis ten to one this Lady oft hath seene you,  
You neuer liued obscure in Syracuse,  
Nor walk'd the streetes vnknowne, and who can tell  
What place you beare in her affections,  
Lou'd or mistlik'd; if bad, this letter sent,  
Will make her shew her scorne, if otherwise,  
Feare not a womans wit, shee'll find a time  
To answer your kind Letter, and expresse  
What you desire she should, then send it boldly,  
You haue a fairer make there.

*Phi.* Cupid guide my arme,  
Oh be as iust blind God as thou art great,  
And with that powerfull hand, that golden shaft  
That I was wounded, wound yon tender brest,  
There is no salue but that, no cure for me,

*Cle.* See what a wonder it strikes vpon, how it should  
come.

*Phi.* Shee'll wonder more to see what man it comes from.

*Cle.* I like her well, yet she is not afraid to open it:  
She starts, stay marke her action when shee has read the  
Letter.

*She reades*

"**L**et it wrong this Letter that it came,  
"From one that trembled to subscribe his name,  
"Fearing your hate, O let not hate descend,  
"Nor make you cruell to so vow'd a friend,  
"If youle not promise loue, grant but access,  
"And let me know my woes are past redresse,  
"Be iust then beautilous Iudge, and like the lawes

"Con-

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" Condemne me not till you haue heard my cause,  
" Which when you haue, from those faire lips returne  
" Either my life in loue, or death in scorne.

Yours or not, *Phileas*.

Am I awake or dreame I, is it true  
Or does my flattering fancy but suggest  
What I most couet.

*Pse.* Madame the words are there,  
He sweare it canna be, nor be illusion.

*Len.* It is too good for truth.

*Phi.* Mocke me not fortune,  
She kist it, sawest thou her, by heauen she kist it.

*Cle.* And with a looke that relisht loue, not scorne,

*Len.* This Letter may be forged, I much desire to know  
the certainty, *Pseas* thy helpe must further me.

*Pse.* He not be wanting.

*Len.* Here comes my father, he must not see this.

*Pse.* No nor your tother sweet heart, hee is with him  
yonder.

Enter *Polimetes, Virro, Roscio*.

*Pol.* Nay noble Count you are too old a Souldier  
To take a maides first no, for a dentall,  
They will be nice at first, men must pursue  
That will obtaine, woe her my Lord and take her,  
You haue my free consent if you can get hers,  
Yonder she walkes alone, goe comfort her.

*Virro* He doe the best I may, but we old men  
Are but cold comfort, I thanke your Lordships loue.

*Pol.* I wonder *Roscio* that the peeuish Girle  
Comes on so slowly on pswasions  
That I can vse, do mooue the setting forth  
Count *Virroes* greatnesse, wealth and dignity  
Seemes not to affect her, *Roscio*.

*Roscio.* I doubt the cause my Lord,  
For were not that, I dare ingage my life,

Shes



*called the Heire.*

She would be wonne to loue him, she has plac'd  
Already her affections on some other.

*Pol.* How should I find it out *Ros.* Why thus my Lord  
Theres neuer man nor woman that ere loued,  
But chose some bosome friend whose close conuerse,  
Sweeten their ioyes, and ease their burdened minds  
Of such a working secret, thus no doubt  
Has my yong Lady done, and but her woman,  
Who should it be, tis she must out with it,  
Her secrecy if wit cannot orereach,  
Gold shall corrupt, leaue that to me my Lord,  
But if her Ladies heart doe yet stand free,  
And vnbequeath'd to any, your command  
And fathers iurisdiction enterpos'd  
Will make her loue the Count, no kind of meanes  
must want to draw her.

*Pol.* Thou art my Oracle,  
My Braine, my Soule, my very being *Roscio*,  
Walke on and speede whilst I but second thee.

*Cle.* It is euen so, Count *Virro* is your riual,  
See how the old Ape sinugs vp his mouldy chaps  
To seize the bit.

*Phi.* He must not if I liue,  
But yet her father brings him that has the meanes  
That I should euer want.

*Cle.* If he do marry her  
Reuenge it nobly, make him a Cuckold boy,

*Phi.* Thou iests that feesles it uot, prithee lets goe,

*Cle.* Stay, Ile not curse him briefly for thy sake,  
If thou doest marry her mayest thou be made  
A Cuckold without profit, and nere get  
An Office by it, nor fauour at the Court,  
But may thy large ill gotten treasury  
Be spent in her bought lust, and thine owne gold  
Bring thee adulterers, so farewell good Count.

*Exeunt Phocles.*

D

Enter

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Enter *Servant*.

*Ser.* My Lord, ther's a Messenger within  
Desires access, has businesse of import,  
Which to no care but yours he must impart.

Enter *Eugenio* disguised.

*Pol.* Admit him, now friend, your businesse with me.

*Ser.* If you be the Lord *Polimetes*.

*Pol.* The same.

*Euge.* My Lord, I come from *Athens* with such newes  
As I dare say is welcome though vnlooked for,  
Your sonne *Eugenio* liues whom you so long  
Thought dead and mourn'd for. *Pol.* How, liues.

*Euge.* Vpon my life my Lord I saw him well  
Within these few dayes.

*Pol.* Thankes for thy good newes,  
Towards him *Roscio*, but now tell me friend  
Hast thou reueal'd this newes to any man  
In *Syracuse* but me. *Eu.* To none my Lord,  
At euery place where I haue staid in towne,  
Enquiring for your Lordships house, I heard  
These tragicke, but false newes, the contrary  
I still conceal'd, though knew, intending first  
Your Lordships eare should drinke it.

*Pol.* Worthy friend.

I now must thanke your wisdom as your lone  
In this well carried action, Ile requite it,  
Meane time pray vse my house, and still continue your  
Silence in this businesse, *Roscio* make him welcome, and  
Part as little from him as you can for feare.

*Ro.* Think it done, my Lord.

*Pol.* *Pfecas* come hither.

*Vir.* Be like your selfe, let not a cruell doome  
Passe those faire lips, that neuer were ordain'd

To kill, but to reuiue. *Len.* Neither my Lord  
Lyes in the power to doe.

*Vir.* Yes sweete to me.

Whom your scorne kils, and pittie will reuiue.

*Len.* Pittie is shew'd to men in misery.

*Vir.* And so am I, if not relieu'd by you.

*Len.* Twere pride in me, my Lord, to thinke it so.

*Vir.* I am your beauties captiue. *Len.* Then my Lord,  
What greater gift then freedome can I giue,  
Tis that that Captiues most desires, and that  
You shall command, y'are free from me my Lord,

*Vir.* Your beauty contradicts that freedome Lady.

*Pol.* come noble Couut, I must for this time interrupt you  
You'le finde time enough within to talke.

*Vir.* Ile wait vpon your Lordship. *exunt manet Euge.*

*Euge.* Thus in disguise I haue discouer'd all, *(solus.*  
And found the cause of my reported death,  
Which did at first amaze me, but tis well,  
Tis to draw on the match betweene my sister  
And this rich Count, heauen grant it be content  
As well as fortune to her, but I feare  
She cannot leue his age, how it succeedes  
I shall perceiue, and whilst vnknowne I stay,  
I cannot hurt the proiect, helpe I may. *Exit.*

*Enter Francisco, Summer.*

*Fran.* This will make good worke for you in the spirituall  
Court, *Shallow* is a rich man. *Sum.* I marry Sir,  
Those are the men we looke for, ther's somewhat  
To be got, the Court has many businessees at this  
Time, but they are little worth, a few waiting  
Women got with child by Seruingmen or so, scarce  
Worth the citing. *Fran.* Do not their Masters get  
Vm with child sometimes. *Sum.* Yes no doubt, but  
They haue got a trick to put vm off vpon their  
Men, and for a little portion saue their



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Owne credits; besides, these priuate marriages  
Are much out of our way, we cannot know when  
There is a fault. *Fran.* Well, these are no  
Starters I warrant you, *Shallow* shall not deny it,  
And for the Wench she neede not confesse it, she has  
A marke that will betray her. *Sum.* I thanke you  
Sir for your good intelligence, I hope tis certaine.

*Fran.* Feare not that, is your citation ready.

*Sum.* I haue it heere. *Fran.* Well step aside, and come  
when I call, I heare v<sup>m</sup> comming. *Exit Sumner.*

*Enter Franklin, Shallow, Luce, Parson.*

*Frank.* Set forward there, *Francisco* what make you here.

*Fran.* I come to claime my right, Parson take heede,  
Thou art the Author of adultery  
If thou conioyne this couple, shee's my wife.

*Frank.* you saucebox. *Shal.* Father, I thought she had  
beene mine, I hope I shall not loose her thus.

*Frank.* *Francisco*, dare notto interrupt vs, for I sweare  
thou shalt endure the lawes extremity.

For thy presumption. *Fran.* doe your worst, I feare not,  
I was contracted to her. *Frank.* What witnesse haue you.

*Fran.* Heauen is my witnesse, whose imperial eye saw  
our contract. *Shal.* What an Aise is this to talke of con-  
tracting, hee that will get a wench, must make her big-  
ger as I haue done, and not contract.

*Fran.* Sir, you are abus'd.

*Shal.* Why so. *Fran.* The wife you goe to marry is  
with child, and by another. *Shal.* A good iest yfaith, make  
me belceue that. *Fran.* How comes this foole posselt, he  
neuer toucht her I dare sweare.

*Frank.* No more *Francisco* as you will answer it,  
Parson set forward there. *Fran.* stay,  
If this will not suffice, Sumner come forth.

*Frank.* A Sumner, we are all betraid. *Enter Sumner.*

*Sum.* God saue you all, I think you guesse my businesse,  
These

*called the Heire.*

These are to cite to the spirituall Court  
You master *Shallow*, and you mistresse *Luce*, -  
Aske not the cause, for tis apparant here,  
A carnall copulation, *ante matrimonium.*

*Frank.* This was a barre vnlookt for, spitefull *Francisco*  
*Franc.* Iniurious *Franklin*, could the lawes diuine,  
Or humane suffer, such an impious act,  
That thou shouldst take my true and lawfull wife,  
And great with child by me, to giue t'another,  
Gulling his poore simplicity.

*Shal.* Do you meane me Sir.

*Sum.* Gallants Farewell, my writ shall be obeyd.

*Frank.* Summer it shall. *exit Summer*

*Par.* Ile take my leaue, theres nothing now for me to do

*Frank.* Farewell good master *Parson.* *exit Parson*

*Frank.* *Francisco* canst thou say thou euer louedst my  
daughter, and wouldst thou thus disgrace her openly.

*Franc.* No, I would win her thus,  
And did you hold her credit halfe so deare  
As I, or her content, you would not thus  
Take her from me, and thrust her against her will  
On this rich foole.

*Sha.* You are very bold with me Sir.

*Franc.* Let me haue newes what happens dearest *Luce.*

*Luc.* Else let me die. *exit Francisco.*

*Frank.* This was your doing *Luce*, it had beene  
Vnpossible he should ere haue knowne the time  
So truly else, but Ile take an order next time  
For you babling.

*Sha.* Whats the matter father. *Fran.* We may  
Thanke you for it, this was your haste that will  
Now shame vs all, you must be doing a fore your  
Time. *Sha.* T was but a tricke of youth father,

*Frank.* And therefore now you must eene stand in a  
White sheete for all to gaze at. *Sha.* How,  
I would be loath to weare a surplese now, tis a  
Disgrace the house of the *Shallows* neuer knew.

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*Fran.* All the hope is, officers may be brib'd, and so they will, twere a hard world for vs to liue in else.

*Shal.* You say true father, if twere not for corruption, e-  
uery poore rascall might haue iustice as well as one of vs,  
and that were a shame. *exunt Shal. Luc.*

*Frank.* This was a cunning stratagem well layd,  
But yet *Francisco* th'hast not won the prize:  
What should I do, I must not let this cause  
Proceed to tryall in the open Court,  
For then my daughters oath will cast the child  
Vpon *Francisco*: no, I haue found a better,  
I will before the next Court day prouide  
Some needy Parson, one whose pouerty  
Shall make him feare no Cannons, he shall marry  
My daughter to rich *Shallow*, when tis done  
Our gold shall make a silence in the Court. *Exit*

*Enter Philocles, Psecas.*

*Pse.* I must returne your answer to my Lady,  
He tell her you will come. *Phil.* Come,  
And such a Angell call, I should forget  
All Offices of Nature, all that men  
Wish in their second thoughts, ere such a duty  
Commend my seruice to her, and to you  
My thanks for this kind Message. *exit Psecas*  
I neuer breath'd till now, neuer till now now  
Did my life relish sweetenesse, breake not heart,  
Cracke not yee feeble Ministers of nature  
With inundation of such swelling ioy,  
To great to beare without expression:  
The Lady writes that she has knowne me long  
By sight, and lou'd me, and she seemes to thanke  
Her starres she loues, and is below'd againe,  
She speakes my very thoughts, by heauen tis strange  
And happy when affections thus can meete;  
She further writes at such an houre to day,

*Her*



*called the Heire.*

Her fathers absence, and all household spies  
Fitly remoou'd, shall giue access to me  
Vnmarkt to visit her, where she alone  
Will entertaine discourse and welcome me.  
I hope tis truly meant, why should I feare,  
But wisdom bids me feare: fie, fie, tis base,  
To wrong a creature of that excellence,  
With such suspicion I should iniure her,  
I will as soone suspect an angell false,  
Treason neare lodg'd within so faire a brest,  
No, if her hand betray me, I will runne  
On any danger, tis alike to me  
To dye, or find her false, for on her truth  
Hangs my chiefe being, well Ile lose no time  
No not a minute, dearest loue I come,  
To meeete my sweetest wishes I will flye,  
Heauen and my truth, sheild me from trechery. *Exit.*

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### Actus Tertius.

*Enter Polimetes, Roscio, Eugenio, Psecoas.*

**Pol.** I Cannot credit it, nor thinke that she  
Of all the noble youth in Sicilly,  
Should make so strange a choise, that none but he,  
None but the sonne of my vow'd enemy  
Must be her mate, it strikes me to amaze,  
Minion take heede, doe not belie your Mistresse.

**Pse.** Mercy forsake me if I doe my Lord,  
You charg'd me to confesse the truth to you,  
Which I haue fully done, and presently  
Ile bring you where conceal'd, you shall both see  
Their priuacy and heare their conference.

**Pol.** Well I belceue thee wench, and will reward  
Thy trust in this, goe get thee in againe  
And bring me word when *Philesides* is come,

*Sir*

Sir youle be secret to our purpose.

*Euge.* As your owne breast my Lord.

*Pol.* I shall rest thankfull to you:

This stranger must be soothd lest he marre all.

*Rosc.* This was well found out my Lord, you now haue meanes to take your enemy.

*Pol.* With blest occasion I will so pursue  
As childlesse *Euphes* shall for euer rue.

Rise in thy blackest looke direct *Nemesiss*

Assistent to my purpose, helpe me glut

My thirsty soule with blood. This bold yong man

To his rash loue shall sacrifice his life.

*Rosc.* What course you intend, to ruine him:

*Pol.* Why kill him presently. *Ro.* Oh no my Lord,  
Youle rue that action, thinke not that the Law  
Will let such murther sleepe vnpunished.

*Pol.* Should I now let him goe now I haue caught him

*Rosc.* Yes Sir, to catch him faster, and more safely.

*Pol.* How should that be? speake man.

*Rosc.* Why thus my Lord;  
You know the law speakes death to any man  
That steales an Heire without her friends consent,  
This must he do, his loue will prompt him to it,  
For he can neuer hope by your consent  
To marry her, and she tis like will giue  
Content, for womens loue is violent,  
Then marke their passage you shall easly find  
How to surprise them at your will my Lord.

*Pol.* Thou art my Oracle deare *Roscio*,  
Heres *Psecas* come againe; how now what newes?

*Pse.* My Lord they both are comming please you with  
you shall both heare and see what you desire. (draw,

Enter *Philocles* and *Leucothoe*.

*Leu.* Ye are welcom Noble Sir and did my power,  
Answer me your visitation,

Should



Should be more free, and your deserued welcome  
Express in better fashion. *Phi.* Best of Ladies,  
It is so well, so excellently well,  
Comming from your wisht loue, my barren thanks  
Wants language for't, there lies in your faire looks  
More entertainment then in all the pompe  
That the vaine Persian euer taught the world,  
Your presence is the welcome I expected,  
That makes it perfect. *Len.* Tis your noble thought  
Makes good whats wanting here, but gentle friend,  
For so I now dare call you.

*Pol.* Tis well Minion you are bold  
Enough I see to chuse your friends without my leaue.

*Phi.* Tis my ambition euer to be yours.

*Len.* Thinke me not light, deare *Philocles*, so soone  
To grant thee loue, that others might haue sought  
With eagerest pursuit, and not obtain'd,  
But I was yours by fate, and long haue beene,  
Before you woo'd *Lencothoe* was wonne,  
And yours without resistance.

*Phi.* Oh my Starres  
Twas your kind influence, that whilst I slept  
In dullest ignorance, contriu'd for me  
The way to crowne me with felicity.

*Pol.* You may be deceiu'd though,  
You haue no such great reason  
To thanke your Starres if you knew all.

*Phil.* And know faire Mistresse you haue met a loue,  
That time, nor fate, nor death can euer change,  
A man that but in you can haue no being:  
Let this kisse seale my faith. *Len.* And this mine.

*Pol.* Nay too't againe, your sweete meate shall haue  
sowre sawce.

*Phi.* But sweet, mongst all these Roses ther's one thorne  
That prickes and galls me, our parents enmity  
Will crosse our loues, I doe assure my sonne  
This father neuer will giue his consent.

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*Leu.* No so I thinke, he moues me still to *Virro*  
That old craz'd Count, and with such vehemency  
I dare scarce bide his presence if I deny him;  
Therefore we must be speedy in our course,  
And take without his leaue what he denies.

*Pol.* I thanke you for that good daughter.

*Ref.* I told you Sir twould come to this at last.

*Phi.* Oh thou hast spoke my wishes, and hath shewd  
Thy selfe in loue as true as beautifull;  
Then let's away dearest *Leucothoe*,  
My fortunes are not poore, then feare no want,  
This constant loue of ours may proue so happy,  
To reconcile our parents enmity.

*Leu.* Heauen grant it may. *Pa.* Neuer by this meanes  
yongster.

*Leu.* But scest now I thinke better ont Ile not goe.

*Phi.* Why dearest, is thy loue so quickly cold?

*Leu.* No, but ile not venter thee, thine is the danger,  
Thou knowest tis death by law to steale an heire,  
And my deare brothers most vntimely death,  
Hath lately made me one, what if thou shouldst be taken.

*Phi.* Oh feare not that, had I a thousand liues,  
They were too small a venture for such prise,  
I tell thee sweete, a face not halfe so faire  
As thine, hath arm'd whole actions in the field,  
And brought a thousand ships to *Tenedos*,  
To sacke lamented *Troy*, and should I feare  
To venture one poore life, and such a life  
As would be lost in not possessing thee:  
Come come, make that no scruple, when shall we goe.

*Leu.* This present euening, for to morrow morning  
My father lookes that I should giue consent  
To marry with the Count,

*Phil.* Best of all, would twere this present houre,  
Ile goe prepare, but shall I call thee heere.

*Leu.* Oh no, weele meete. *Phi.* Where dearest.

*Leu.* East from the City by a Riuers side,

Not distant halfe a mile there stands a groue,  
Where often riding by I haue obserued  
A little Hermitage, there I will stay  
If I be first, if you, doe you the like,  
Let th'houre beten, then shall I best escape.

*Phi.* Nere sweeter comfort came from Angels lips  
I know the place, and will be ready there  
Before the houre: Ile bring a friend with me  
As true as mine owne heart, one *Clerimont*,  
That may doe vs good if danger happen.

*Leu.* Vse your pleasure. *Phi.* Dearest farewell,  
Houres will seeme yeeres till we are met againe. *exunt.*

*Pol.* Ah Sirrah, this geere goes well, godamercy girle  
For thy intelligence, why this is as much as a  
Man could desire, the time, place, and euery thing;  
I warrant vm they passe no further, well  
Goe thou in and wait vpon thy Mistresse, shees  
Melancholly till she see her sweete heart againe, but  
When shee does, shee shall not see him long,  
Not a word of whats past among vs for your life.

*Pje.* I warrant you my Lord.

*Pol.* Ile not so much as shew an angry looke,  
Or any token that I know any of their proceedings,  
But *Rosio*, we must lay the place strongly, if they  
Should scape vs, I were pritily fool'd now after all  
This. *Ros.* Why tis impossible my Lord, wee le goe  
Strong enough, besides I thinke it fit we tooke  
An Officer along with vs to countenance it the  
Better. *Pol.* Thou sayst well, goe get one,  
Ile goe my selfe along with you too, I loue  
To see sport though I am old, you'le goe  
Along with vs to Sir. *Eu.* I Sir, you shall  
Command my seruice when you are ready.

*Pol.* Now *Euphues*, what I did but barely act  
Thy bleeding heart shall feele, losse of a sonne  
If Law can haue his course, as who can let it,  
I know thou think'st mine dead, and in thy heart



*An excellent Comedy*

Laughst at my falling house, but let them laugh  
That winne the prize, things nere are knowne till ended.

*Exeunt Pol. and Ros.*

*Eugenio solus.*

*Eug.* Well I like my sisters choise, she has taken a man  
Whose very lookes and carriage speake him  
Worthy, besides he is Noble, his fortunes sufficient,  
They both loue each other, what can my father  
More desire, that he gapes so after this old  
Count, that comes for the estate, as tother vpon  
My soule does not, but pure spotlesse loue, but  
Now his plot is for reuenge vpon his old enemy:  
Fye, Fye tis bloudy and vnchristian, my soule  
Abhors such acts, this match may rather  
Reconcile our houses, and I desire where worth  
Is to haue friendship, as on my soule tis there.  
Well *Philocles* I hope to call thee brother.  
Somewhat Ile doe, Ile goe perswade Count *Virro*  
Not to loue her, I know the way, and Ile but  
Tell him truth her brother liues, that will  
Coole his loue quickly, but soft, here comes  
The Count as fit as may be.

*Enter Virro.*

*Vir.* She loues me not yet, but that's no matter,  
I shall haue her, her father sayes I shall,  
And I dare take his word, maides are quickly  
Ouer. rul'd, ah, ah, me thinkes I am growne yonger  
Then I was by twenty yeeres, this Fortune  
Cast vpon me, is better then *Medeas* charme, to  
Make an old man yong againe, to haue a  
Lords estate freely bestowed, and with it such  
A beauty as should warme *Nectors* bloud,  
Make old *Priam* lusty. Fortune I see thou louest me  
Now, Ile build a Temple to thee shortly, and

*Adore*



*called the Heire.*

Adore thee as the greatest deity. Now what are you.

*Euge.* A poore Scholler my Lord, one that Am little beholding to Fortune.

*Vir.* So are most of your profession, Thou shouldst take some more thriving Occupation, to be a iudges man, they are The bravest now adays, or a Cardinals Pander, that were a good profession and gainfull.

*Euge.* But not lawfull, my Lord. *Verro.* Lawfull, That Cardinall may come to be Pope, and Then he could pardon thee and himselfe too.

*Eu.* My Lord I was brought vp a Scholler, And I thanke your counsell, My Lord, I haue some for you, and therefore I Came.

*Vir.* For me, what I prithe.

*Eu.* Tis weighty and concernes you neere.

*Vir.* Speake, what ist?

*Eu.* My Lord, you are to marry old *Polimetes* Daughter. *Vir.* And Heire. *Eu.* No Heire My Lord, her Brother is aliue.

*Vir.* How, Thou art mad. *Eu.* My Lord, What I speake is true, and to my knowledge His father giues it out in pollicy to marry his Daughter the better, to hooke in sutors, and Specially aym'd at you, thinking you rich And couetous, and now he has caught you.

*Vir.* But dost thou mock me.

*Eu.* Let me be euer miserable if I speake Not truth, as sure as I am here *Eugenio* liues, I know it, and know him, where he is.

*Vir.* Where prithe. *Eu.* Not a daies iourney hence, Where his father enioyn'd him to stay till your Match, and sends word to him of this plot: Besides, I ouer-hard the old Lord and his man *Roscio*, laughing at you for being caught thus.

*An excellent Comedy*

*Vir.* Why, wert thou at the house then.

*Eu.* Yes, But had scuruy entertainment  
Which I haue thus reueng'd.

*Vir.* Beshrew my heart I know not what  
To thinke on't tis like enough, this Lord was  
Alwayes cunning beyond measure, and it  
Amaz'd me that he should grow so extreme  
Kind to me on the suddaine to offer me all this:  
Besides this fellow is so confident, and on  
No ends of couznage that I can see; well,  
I would faine enioy her, the Wench is  
Delicate, but I would haue the estate too, and  
Not be guld, what shall I doe, now braines  
If euer you will, helpe your Master.

*Eu.* It stings him. *Vir.* Well, so Sir,  
What may I call your name?

*Eu.* *Irus* my Lord.

*Vir.* Your name as well as your attire  
Speakes you poore. *Eu.* I am so.

*Vir.* And very poore. *Eu.* Very poore.

*Vir.* Would you not gladly take a course  
To get money, and a great some of mony.

*Eu.* Is gladly if your Lordship would but  
Shew me the way. *Vir.* Harke ye.

*Eu.* Oh my Lord, Conscience. *Vir.* Eyc, neuer  
Talke of Conscience, and for Law thou art  
Free, for all men thinke him dead, and  
His father will be ashamed to follow it  
Hauing already giuen him for dead,  
And then who can know it, come be wise,  
Fiue hundred crownes Ile giue.

*Eu.* Well, tis pouerty that does it, and not I,  
When shall I be paid.

*Vir.* When thou hast done it. *Eu.* Well giue me your  
Hand for it my Lord. *Vir.* Thou shalt.

*Eu.* In writing, to be paid when I haue  
Poysoned him, and thinke it done. *Vir.* Now thou

Speakes

*called the Heire.*

Speakes like thy selfe, come in, Ile giue it thee.

*Ent.* And this shall stop thy mouth for euer Count.

*Leucothoe sola.*

There is no creature heere, I am the first,  
Me thinkes this sad and solitary place  
Should strike a terror to such hearts as mine;  
But loue has made me bold, the time has beene,  
In such a place as this I should haue fear'd  
Each rowling leafe, and trembled at a reed  
Stird in the Mooneshine, my fearefull fancy  
Would frame a thousand apparitions,  
And worke some feare out of my very shadow:  
I wonder *Philocles* is tardy thus,  
When last wee parted euery houre, he said,  
Would seeme a yeere till we were met againe,  
It should not seeme so by the hast he makes,  
Ile sit and rest me, come I know he will.

*Enter Philocles and Clerimont.*

*Phi.* This *Clerimont*, this is the happy place  
Where I shall meet the summe of all my ioyes,  
And be posselt of such a treasury  
As would inrich a Monarch. *Ent.* This is his voyce,  
*My Philocles.* *Phi.* My life, my soule, what here before me,  
Oh thou dost still out goe me, and dost make  
All my endeauours poore in the requitall  
Of thy large fauours, but I forget my selfe  
Sweete bid my friend here welcome, this is he  
That I dare trust next mine owne heart with secrets.  
But why art thou disguised thus.

*Ent.* I durst not venture else to make escape.

*Phi.* Euen now me thinkes I stand as I would wish  
With all my wealth about me, such a loue  
And such a friend, what can be added more  
To make a man liue happy, thou darke groue  
That hast beene cald the seat of Melancholy,

And



And shelter for the discontented spirits;  
 Sure thou art wrong, thou seemst to me a place  
 Of solace and content, a Paradise  
 That giueth me more then euer Court could doe  
 Or richest Palace, blest be thy faire shades,  
 Let birds of musicke euer chant it heere,  
 No croking Rauens, or ill booding Owle  
 Make heere their balefull habitation  
 Frighting thy walkes, but mayst thou be a groue  
 Where loues faire Queen may take delight to sport :  
 For vnder thee two faithfull Louers meet,  
 Why is my faire *Lencothoe* so sad.

*Len.* I know no cause, but I would faine be gone.

*Phi.* Whether sweete. *Len.* Any whether from hence.  
 My thoughts diuine of treason, whence I know not,  
 There is no creature knowes our meeting heere  
 But one, and thats my maid, she has beene trusty  
 And will be still I hope, but yet I would  
 She did not know it, prithee lets away  
 Any where else, we are secure from danger.

*Phi.* Then lets remoue, but prithee be not sad.

*noise within.*

What noise is that. *Len.* Ay me.

*Phi.* Oh feare not Loue.

*draw.*

*Eer Polimedes, Roscio, Eugenio and Officers.*

*Pol.* Vpon vm Officers, yonder they are.

*Phi.* Theeues, Villaines.

*Pol.* Thou art the Thiefe and the Villaine too,  
 Giue me my Daughter thou rauisher.

*Phi.* First take my life.

*Pol.* Vpon vm I say.

*fight.*

Knocke vm downe Officers if they resist, *they are taken.*

*Len.* Oh they are lost, ah wicked, wicked *Psecas,*

*Pol.* So keepe vm fast, wee le haue vm faster shortly, and  
 for you Minion, Ile tye a clog about your neck for run-  
 ning



*called the Heire.*

ning away any more.

*Len.* Yet do but heare me father.

*Pol.* Call me not father thou disobedient wretch,  
Thou Run-away, thou art no child of mine,  
My Daughter nere wore Breeches.

*Len.* Oh Sir, my Mother would haue done as much  
For loue of you, if need had so required,  
Thinke not my mind transformed as my habite.

*Pol.* Officers away with vm, peace Stumpet,  
You may discharge him, he's but an assistant.

*Len.* Oh stay and heare me yet, heare but a word  
And that my last it may be, doe not spill  
The life of him in whom my life subsists,  
Kill not two liues in one, remember Sir,  
I was your Daughter once, once you did loue me,  
And tell me then, what fault can be so great,  
To make a father murtherer of his child,  
For so you are in taking of his life.  
Oh thinke not Sir that I will stay behinde him  
Whilst there be Aspes, and Kniues, and burning Coles,  
No Roman dame shall in her great example  
Outgoe my loue.

*Phi.* Oh where will sorrow stay,  
Is there no end in grieffe, or in my death  
Not punishment enough for my offence,  
But must her grieffe be added to afflict me;  
Dry vp those Pearles dearest *Leucothoe*,  
Or thou wilt make me doubly miserable,  
Preserue that life, that I may after death  
Liue in my better part, take comfort deare,  
People would curte me, if such beauty should  
For me miscarry, no, liue happy thou,  
And let me suffer what the law inflicts.

*Len.* My offence was as great as thine,  
And why should not my punishment.

*Pol.* Come haue you done, Officers away with him.

*Exit Philocles.*

*An excellent Comedy*

He be your keeper, but He looke better to you.  
But *Rosio* you and I must about the businesse:  
Sir let it be your charge to watch my Daughter,  
And see she send no message any whither, (and *Len.*  
Nor receiue any. *Eu.* It shall my Lord. *exennt manet Eu.*  
He be an Argus, none shall come heere I warrant you,  
My very heart bleedes to see two such louers so  
Faithfully parted so. I must condemne my father,  
Hees too cruell in this hard action, and did not  
Nature forbid it, I could raile at him, to reake  
His long fostred malice against Lord *Euphues* thus  
Vpon his sonne, the faithfull loue of his owne  
Daughter, and vpon her, for should it come to passe  
As he expects it shall, I thinke t'would kill her  
Too, she takes it —: See in what strange amazement  
Now she stands, her griefe has spent it selfe so  
Farre that it has left her sencelesse, it greeues  
Me thus to see her, I can scarce forbear reuealing  
Of my selfe to her, but that I keepe it for a  
Better occasion when things shall better answere to  
My purpose: Lady. *Len.* What are you.

*Eu.* In that my Lord your father has appointed  
To giue attendance on you.

*Len.* On me, alas I neede no attendance,  
He might bestow his care better for me.

*Eu.* I came but lately to him, nor doe I meane  
Long to stay with him, in the meane time Lady  
Might I but doe you any seruice.

*Len.* All seruice is too late, my hopes are deseperate.

*Eu.* Madame, I haue a feeling of your woe,  
A greater your owne brother could not haue,  
And thinke not that I come suborn'd by any  
To vndermine your secrets, I am true,  
By all the gods I am, for further tryall  
Command me any thing, send me on any message  
He doe it faithfullly, or any thing else  
That my poore power can compasse.

*Len.* Oh

*Leu.* Oh strange fate  
Hauē I lost pittie in a fathers heart,  
And shall I find it in a stranger: Sir  
I shall not liue to thanke you, but my prayers  
Shall goe with you.

*Eu.* Tis not for thanks or neede  
But for the seruice that I owe to vertue  
I would doe this. *Leu.* Surely this man  
Is nobly bred, how ere his habite giue him:  
But Sir, all physicke comes to me too late,  
There is no hope my *Philecles* should liue:

*Eu.* Vnlesse the King were pleas'd to grant his pardon,  
Twē're good that he were mou'd.

*Leu.* Ah who should doe it,  
If eare me tis in vaine, Count *Virro*  
And my father both will crosse it, but I would venture  
If I could get but thither.

*Eu.* Thats in my power  
To giue you liberty, your father left me  
To be your keeper, but in an act  
So meritorious as this, I will not hinder you,  
Nay I will waite vpon you to the Court.

*Leu.* A thousand thanks to you, well ile goe,  
Grant oh you powers aboue, if Virgins teares,  
If a true loues prayers had euer power  
To moue compassion grant it now to me,  
Arm'd with so strong a vigor, my weake words  
They may pierce deepe into his kingly brest,  
And force out mercy in spite of all opposers.

*Eu.* Come lets away.

*exiunt.*



Actus quartus.

*Enter Francisco reading a letter.*

*Fran.* **M**Y dearest *Luce*, were thy old Sire as iust  
As thou art truly constant, our firme loue  
Had neuer met these oppositions,  
All my designs as yet, all practises  
That I haue vs'd, I see are frustrated,  
For as my faire intelligencer writes,  
He will before the next court day prouide  
Some carelesse person, that in spite of lawes  
Shall marry her to *Shallow*, this being done,  
He meanes to hold the Courts seuerity  
In by a golden bit, and so he may,  
Alas it is too true, I must preuent it,  
And that in time, before it grow too farre;  
But how, there lies the point of difficulty:  
But what strange sight is this that greetes mine eyes,  
*Alphonso* my old Captaine, sure tis he.

*Enter Alphonso.*

*Al.* Thus once againe from twenty yeares exile,  
Tost by the stormes of fortune too and fro,  
Has gracious heauen giuen me leaue to tread  
My natie earth of Sicily, and draw  
Thataire that fed me in my infancy.

*Fr.* Tis he, most noble Captaine, oh what power  
Has bene so gracious as to blesse mine eyes  
Once more with sight of my most honored master.

*Al.* Kind youth the teares of ioy that I haue spent  
To greet my natie country haue quite robd  
Mine eyes of moysture, and haue left me none  
To answer thy affection, but tell me,  
Tell me how thou hast liu'd in Syracuse  
These fīue yeeres here, since that vnluckly storme  
Diuided ys at Sea. *Fr.* Faith poorely Sir,



As one that knows no kindred nor alliance,  
Vnknowne of any haue I shifted out,  
But I haue heard you say that I was borne  
In Syracuse, tell me what stocke I come of,  
What parentage, how meane so ere they be,  
They cannor well be poorer then my selfe,  
Speake, do you know them Sir? Al. Yes very well,  
And I am glad the fates haue brought me home,  
For thy deare sake, that I may now disclose  
Thy honorable birth. Fr. Honorable?

Al. Yes noble youth, thou art the second sonne  
To old Lord *Euphues*, a man more worthy  
And truly noble neuer drew this ayre;  
Thy name's *Lyfandro*, this discouery  
Will be as welcome to your friends as you.

Fr. You do amaze me Sir. Al. Ile tell you all,  
It was my fortune, twenty a yeare ago,  
Vpon the Tyrrhene shore, whose sea diuides  
This Ile from Italy, to keepe a fort  
Vnder your noble father, where your selfe  
Then but a child, was left to my tuition,  
When sodainly the rude assailing force  
Of strong Italian Pirats so preuaild,  
As to surprisall of the fort and vs.  
Your name and noble birth I then conceald,  
Fearing some outrage from the enmity  
Of those fell Pyrates, and since from your selfe  
I purposely haue kept the knowleng of it.  
As loath to grieue your present misery  
With knowledge of what fortunes you had lost,  
That this is true, you straight shall see th' effect,  
Ile goe acquaint your father with the tokens,  
And make his oreioyde heart leape to embrace  
Thee his new found and long forgotten sonne:

Fr. Worthy Captaine, your presence was alwayes  
Welcome to me, but this vnlookt for newes, I  
Cannot suddenly digest.

*An excellent Comedy*

*Al.* Well Ile go to him presently. *exit Alphonso.*

*Fr.* Now my deare *Luce*, I shall finde meanes to quite  
Thy loue, that couldst descend so low as I  
When I was nothing, and with such affection,  
This was my suit still to the powers aboue,  
To make me worthy of thy constant loue.  
*Exit Francisco.* But ile about the proiect I intended.

*Enter Virro and Polimetes.*

*Pol.* Why now my Lord you are neerer to her loue then  
euer you were yet, your riuall by this accident shall be re-  
moued out of the way, for before the scorneful girl would  
neuer fancy any man else.

*Vir.* I conceiue you Sir.

*Pol.* I labourd it for your sake as much as for my  
Owne, to remoue your riuall and my enemy, you  
Haue your loue, and I haue my reuenge.

*Vir.* I shall liue my Lord to giue you thanks, but *aside.*  
T'will be after a strange manner, if *Irus* has  
Dispatched what he was hired too, then my kind  
Lord I shall be a little too cunning for you.

*Pol.* My Lord you are gracious with the King.

*Vir.* I thanke his Maiesty, I haue his care before ano-  
ther man.

*Pol.* Then see no pardon be granted, you may stop any  
thing; I know *Euphues* will be soliciting for his sonne.

*Vir.* I warrant you my Lord no pardon passes whilst I  
am there, ile bee a barre betwixt him and the King, but  
hearken the King approaches.

*Enter the King with attendants.*

*Ambo.* Health to your Maiesty.

*King.* Count *Virro*, and Lord *Polimetes* welcome,  
You haue beene strangers at the Court of late;  
But I can well excuse you Count, you are about a wife,  
A yong one and a faire one too they say,

*Get*

*called the Heire.*

Get me yong souldiers Count, but speake  
When is the day, I meane to be your guest,  
You shall not steale a martiage.

*Vir.* I thanke your Maiesty, but the marriage that  
I intended is stolen to my hand, and by another.

*King.* Stolne, how man. *Vir.* My promised wife  
Is lately stolne away by *Philocles*,  
Lord *Euphues* sonne against her fathers will,  
Who followed vm and apprehended them,  
The Law may right vs Sir, if it may haue course.

*King.* No reason but the law should haue his course.

*Enter Euphues.*

*Euph.* Pardon dread Soueraigne, pardon for my sonne.

*King.* Your sonne, Lord *Euphues*, what is his offence.

*Euph.* No hainous one my Leige, no plot of treason  
Against your royall person or your state,  
These aged cheekes would blush to beg a pardon  
For such a foule offence, no crying murder  
Hath steyned his innocent hands, his fault was loue,  
Loue my deare Leige, vnfortunately he tooke  
The Daughter and Heire of Lord *Polimetes*,  
Who follows him and seekes extremitie.

*Pol.* I seeke but Law, I am abus'd my Leige,  
Iustice is all I beg, my Daughters stolne,  
Staffe of my age, let the law doe me right,

*Vir.* To his iust prayers doe I bend my knee  
My promised wife is stolne, and by the sonne  
Of that iniurious Lord, iustice I craue.

*Euph.* Be like those powers aboue, whose place on earth  
You represent, shew mercy gracious King,  
For they are mercifull.

*Pol.* Mercy is but the Kings prerogatiue,  
Tis Iustice is his office, doing that  
He can wrong no man, no man can complaine,  
But mercy shewed oft takes way reliefe  
From the wronged partie that the Law would giue him:

*Euph.* The Law is blind and speakes in generall termes,  
She



*An excellent Comedy*

She cannot pittie where occasion serues,  
The living law can moderate her rigour,  
And thats the King.

*Pol.* The King I hope in this will not do so,

*Exp.* Tis malice makes thee speake,  
Hard hearted Lord, hadst thou no other way  
To wreake thy cankred and long fostred hate  
Vpon my head but thus, thus bloudily  
By my sonnes suffering, and for such a fault  
As thou shouldst loue him rather, is thy daughter  
Disparaged by his loue, is his blood base,  
Or are his fortunes sunke, this law was made  
For such like cautions, to restraine the base  
From wronging noble persons by attempts  
Of such a kind, but where equality  
Meetes in the match, the fault is pardonable.

*Len.* Mercy my Soueraigne, mercy gracious King.

*Pol.* Minion who sent for you, twere more modesty  
For you to be at home.

*King.* Let her alone, speake Lady,  
I charge you no man interupt her.

*Enter Lencothoe*

*Len.* If euer pittie toucht that princely brest,  
If euer Virgins teares had power to moue,  
Or if you euer lou'd and felt the pangs  
That other louers doe, pittie great King,  
Pittie and pardon two vnhappy Louers.

*King.* Your life is not in question.

*Len.* Yes royall Sir

If Law condemne my *Philocles*, he and I  
Haue but one heart, and can haue but one fate.

*En.* Excellent vertue, thou hadst not this from thy father.

*King.* Ther's Musicke in her voice, and in her face  
More then a mortall beauty: Oh my heart,  
I shall be lost in passion if I heare her,  
Ile heere no more, conuey her from my presence,  
Quickly I say.

*En.* This is strange.



*called the Heire.*

*Vir.* I told you what he would doe, I knew  
He would not here of a pardon, and I againſt it,  
He reſpects me.

*Pol.* No doubt he does my Lord,  
I like this paſſage well.

*King.* But ſtay,  
Stay Lady, let me heare you, beſhrew my heart  
My minde was running of another matter.

*Vir.* Where the diuell hath his minde bin all this while,  
Perhaps he heard none of vs neither,  
We may eene tell our tales againe.

*Pol.* No ſure he heard vs, but tis very ſtrange.

*King.* Tis ſuch a tempting poiſon I draw in,  
I cannot ſtay my draught, riſe vp Lady.

*Leu.* Neuer vntill your graces pardon raiſe me,  
Ther's pittie in your eye, oh ſhew it Sir,  
Say Pardon gracious King, tis but a word  
And ſhort, but welcome as the breath of life.

*King.* Ile further here the manner of this fact,  
Auid the preſence all, all but the Lady,  
And come not till I ſend.

*Pol.* I like not this.

*Vir.* Nor I, here is mad dancing.

*Eu.* Heauen bleſſe thy fate, thou mirror of thy ſex,  
And beſt example of true conſtant loue,  
That in the Sea of thy transcendent vertues  
Drown'ſt all thy fathers malice, and redeem'ſt  
More in my thoughts then all thy kin can loſe. *exeunt.*

*King.* Now Lady what would you doe to ſaue the life  
Of him you loue ſo deerely.

*Leu.* I cannot thinke that thought I would not doe,  
Lay it in my power, and beyond my power  
I would attempt.

*King.* You would be thankfull then  
To me if I ſhould grant his pardon.

*Leu.* If euer I were thankfull to the gods  
For all that I call mine, my health and being,

*An excellent Comedy*

Could I to you be vnthankfull for a gift  
I value more then those, without which  
These blessings were but wearisome.

*King.* Those that are thankfull study to requite  
A courtesie, would you doe so? would you requite  
This fauour? *Leu.* I cannot Sir,

For all the seruice I can doe your Grace  
Is but my duty, you are my Soueraigne,  
And all my deedes to you are debts not merita,  
But to those powers aboue that can requite,  
That from their vasslesse treasures hope rewards,  
More out of grace then merrik on vs mortals,  
To those ile euer pray that they would giue you  
More blessings then I haue skill to aske.

*King.* Nay but *Leucothoe*, this lies in thy power to re-  
quite, thy loue will make requitall, wilt thou loue me?

*Leu.* I euer did my Lord.  
I was instructed from my infancy,  
To loue and honour you my Soueraigne.

*King.* But in a neerer bond of loue.

*Leu.* There is no neerer nor no truer loue  
Then that a loyall subiect beares a Prince.

*King.* Still thou wilt not conceiue me, I must deale plain  
With you, wilt thou lye with me, and I will seale his  
Pardon presently; nay more, ile heape vpon you  
Both all fauours, all honours that a Prince can giue.

*Leu.* Oh me vnhappy, in what a sad dilemma stands my  
choise.

Either to lose the man my soule most loues,  
Or saue him by a deed of such dishonour  
As he will euer loath me for, and hate  
To draw that breath that was so basely kept.  
Name any thing but that to saue his life,  
I know you doe but tempt my frailty Sir,  
I know your royall thoughts could neuer stoope  
To such a soule dishonourable act.

*King.* Bethinke your selfe, there is no way but that,

I sweare by Heauen neuer to pardon him  
But vpon those conditions.

*Len.* Oh I am miserable.

*King.* Thou art not if not wilfull, yeeld *Lencorhoe*,  
It shall be secret, *Philocles* for his life  
Shall thanke thy loue, but neuer know the price  
Thou paidst for it; be wise thou heardst me sweare,  
I cannot now shew mercy, thou maist saue him,  
And if he dye, tis thou that art the Tyrant.

*Len.* I should be so if I should saue him thus,  
Nay I should be a Traytor to your grace,  
Betray your soule to such a foe as lust,  
But since your oath is past, deare *Philocles*  
He shew to thee an honest cruelty,  
And rather follow thee in spotlesse death,  
Then buy with sinning a dishonoured life.

*King.* Yet pittie me *Lencorhoe*, cure the wound  
Thine eyes hath made, pittie a begging King,  
Vncharme the charmes of thy bewitching face,  
Or thou wilt leaue me dead: will nothing moue thee,  
Thou art a Witch, a Traytor, thou hast sought  
By vnresisted spels thy soueraignes life:  
Who are about vs there, call in the Lords againe,  
Lord *Polimetes*, take your daughter to you,  
Keepe her at home.

(is done.)

*Pol.* I will my Leige, *Rosio* see her there I wonder what

*King.* *Euphues* I haue tane a solemne oath  
Neuer to grant a pardon to thy sonne.

*Euph.* O say not so my Leige, your grace I know  
Has mercy for a greater fault then this.

*King.* My oath is past and cannot be recalled.

*Pol.* This is beyond our wishes,

*Vir.* What made him sweare this I wonder.

*Euph.* A heauy oath to me and most vnlooked for,  
Your iustice Sir has set the period  
Vnto a loyall house, a Family  
That haue bin props of the Sicylian crowne,



That with their bloods in many an honourd field,  
Gainst the hot French, and Neopolitan  
Haue seru'd for you and your great Ancestors,  
Their children now can neuer more doe so,  
Farewell my Soueraigne, whilest I in teares  
Spend the sad remnant of my childlesse age,  
He pray for your long life and happy raigne,  
And may your Grace and your Posterity  
At neede finde hands as good and hearts as true  
As ours haue euer beene.

*King.* Farewell good old man.

*Eup.* For you my Lord, your cruelty has deseru'd  
A curse from me, but I can vtter none,  
Your Daughters goodnesse has weigh'd down your malice  
Heauen prosper her. *Poly.* Amen.

*King.* He is an honest man and truly noble,  
Oh my rash oath, my lust, that was the cause,  
Would any price would buy it in againe.

*Vi.* Your Maiesty is iust. *Pol.* Tis a happy Land  
Where the King squares his actions by the law.

*King.* Away, you are base and bloody,  
That feedes your malice with pretence of iustice,  
Tis such as you make Princes tirranous,  
And hated of their subiects, but looke too't,  
Looke your owne heads stands fast, for if the law  
Doe finde a hole in your coates, beg no mercy.

*Vir.* Pardon vs my Lord, we were wrong'd.

*Pol.* And sought redresse but by a lawfull course.

*King.* Well leaue me alone.

*Vir.* Farewell my Leige, now let him chafe alone.

*Pol.* Now we haue our ends.

*exunt.*

*King.* Is there no meanes to saue him no way,  
To get a dispensation for an oath,  
None that I know except the Court of Rome  
Will grant one, thats well thought on,  
I will not spare for gold, and that will doe it,  
*Nicanor. Nica.* Sir. *King.* What booke is that

Thou

Thou hadst from Paris about the price of sinnes.

*Nic.* Tis cald the Texes of the Apostolicall Chancery.

*Kin.* Is there a price for any sinne set downe.

*Nic.* A my Sir, how heinous ere it be,  
Or of what nature, for such a summe of money  
As is set downe there, it shall be remitted

*Kin.* Thatswell, go fetch the booke presently. *exit Nic.*

*Nic.* I will my Lord. *Kin.* Sure there is periury  
Among the test, and I shall know what rate  
It beares before I haue committed it.

How now, hast brought it. *Nic.* Yes Sir.

*Kin.* Reade, I would know the price of periury,

*Nic.* I shall find it quickly, heres an Index. *he reads*

*Imp.* For murder of all kinds of a Clergy man, of a lay man,  
offather, mother, Sonne, brother, sister, wife.

*Kin.* Reade till you come at periury.

*Nic.* Item, for impoysoning, enchantments, witchcraft,  
Sacriledge, simony, and their kind and  
Branches. Item, *pro lapsu carnis*, fornication  
Adultery, incest without any exception or  
Distinction; for sodomy, Brutality, or any of  
That kind. *Kin.* My heart shakes with horror  
To heare the names of such detested sinnes,  
Can these be bought for any price of money,  
Or do these merchants but deceiue the world  
With their false Wares: no more of that foule booke,  
I will know what I came to know,

I would not for the world redeeme my oath  
By such a course as this, no more *Nicanor*  
Vnlesse thou finde a price for Atheisme.

*Nic.* Heres none for that my Lord, his Holinesse  
Can pardon that in no man but himselfe.

*Kin.* Well this is not the way,  
I haue thought of another that may proue,  
And both discharge my oath and saue his life,  
*Nicanor* run presently, call *Matho* hither,  
*Matho* the Lawyer, command him to make hast,

I long to be resolved. *Nis.* I runne Sir,

*King.* He is a subtil Lawyer, and may find  
Some point, that in the Lawes obscurity  
Lies hid from vs, some point may doe vs good,  
I haue seene some of his profession  
Out of case as plaine, as cleere as day  
To our weake iudgements, and no doubt at first  
Meant like our thoughts by those that made the Law,  
Picke out such hard inextricable doubts,  
That they haue spun a suit of seuen yeere long,  
And leade their hoodwinke Clients in a wood,  
A most irremoueable Labyrinth,  
Till they haue quite consum'd vñ, this they can doe  
In other cases, why not as well in this.

I haue seene others could extend the Law  
Vpon the wrack, or cut it short againe  
To their owne priuate profits, as that thiefe  
Cruell *Procrustes* seru'd his haplesse guests,  
To fit them to his bed; Well I shall see,  
I would *Nicanor* were returned againe,  
I would faine ease my conscience of that oath,  
That rash and inconsiderate oath I tooke,  
But see, heere they are comming.

*Enter Marbo.*

*Ma.* Health to my Soueraigne.

*King.* *Marbo*, welcome.

I sent for thee about a businesse

I would intreate thy helpe in.

*Ma.* Your Highnesse may command my seruice  
In that, or any thing lies in my power.

*King.* Tis to decide a case that troubles me.

*Ma.* If it lye within the compasse of my knowledge,  
I will resolve your Highnesse presently.

*King.* Then thus it is, Lord *Euphrates* sonne,  
Yong *Philoteles*, has lately stolne away  
The Daughter and Heire of Lord *Polimetes*,  
Who is his enemy, he following him hard  
Has apprehended him, and brings him to his tryall



To morrow morning: thou hast heard this newes,

*Ma.* I haue my Liege, and euery circumstance  
That can be thought on in the businesse.

*King.* And what will be the issue by the Law.

*Ma.* He must dye for it, the case is plaine,  
Vnlesse your grace will grant his pardon.

*King.* But can there be no meanes thought vpon  
To saue him by the Law. *Mattho.* None my Lord.

*King.* Surely there may, speake man, Ile giue thee  
Double Fees.

*Ma.* It cannot be my Leige, the Statutes is plaine.

*King.* Nay now thou art too honest, thou shouldst do  
As other Lawyers doe, first take my mony,  
And then tell me thou canst doe me good.

*Ma.* I dare not vndertake it, could it be done,  
Ide goe as farre as any man would doe.

*King.* Yes iftwere to cut a peore mans throat you could,  
For some rich griping Land-lord you could grin'd  
The face of his poore Tenant, stretch the Law  
To serue his turne, and guided by his Angels,  
Speake Oracles more then the tongues of men,  
Then you could find exceptions, reseruations,  
Stand at a word, a silible, a letter,  
Or coine some scruples out of your owne braines,  
But in a cause so full of equity  
So charitable as this, you can find nothing,  
I shall for euer hate all your profession.

*Ma.* I do beseech your Highnesse to excuse me,  
I cannot doe more then your lawes will let me,  
Nor falsifie my knowledge nor my conscience.

*King.* Then I am miserable, rise *Mattho* rise,  
I do not discommend thy honesty,  
But blame my owne hard fate, ay *Philocles*  
I would redeeme thy life at any price,  
But the Starres crosse it, cruell fate condemnes thee.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Constable and Watch.*

*Con.* Come fellow watchmen , for now you are my fellows,

*Watch.* It pleases you to call vs for master Constable.

*Con.* I do it to encourage you in your office, it is a trick that we commanders haue, your great Captains call your souldiers fellow souldiers to encourage them.

*2. Watch.* Indeed and so they do, I heard master Curate reading a story booke tother day to that purpose.

*Con.* Well I must shew now what you haue to do, for I my selfe, before I came to this prefermity , was as simple as one of you, and for your better destruction, I will deride my speech into two parts. First, what is a watchman. Secondly, what is the office of a watchman. For the first, if any man aske me what is a watchman, I may answer him, he is a man as others are, nay a tradesman, as a Vintner, a Tayler, or the like, for they haue long bills.

*3. Wat.* He tels vs true neighbour, we haue bills indeed.

*Con.* For the second, what is his office, I answer, he may by vertue of his office reprehend any person , or persons, that walke the streets too late at a seasonable houre.

*4. Wat.* may we indeed master Constable.

*Con.* Nay, if you meet any of those rogues at seasonable houres , you may by vertue of your office commit him to prison, and then aske him whither he was going.

*1. Watch.* Why thats as much as my Lord Maior does.

*Con.* True, my Lord Maior can doe no more then you in that point. *2. Wat.* But master constable what if hee should resist vs.

*Con.* Why if he do resist, you may knocke him downe, and then bid him stand, and come afore the Constable. So now I thinke you are sufficiently instructed concerning your office, take your stands, you shall heare rogues walking at these seasonable houres, I warrant you, stand close.

*Enter Eugenio.*

*En. Pur-*

Purpose, now doe I take as much care to be apprehended,  
As others doe to scape the watch, I must speake  
To be ouerheard, and plainly too, or els these dolts  
Will neuer conceiue mee.

*Con.* Harke who goes by?

*Eu.* Oh my conscience, my conscience, the terror of a  
Guilty conscience. *Con.* How, conscience talkes hee of,  
He's an honest man, I warrant him, let him passe

2. *Wa.* I I, let him passe, good night honest gentleman.

*Eu.* These are wise officers, I must bee plainer yet.  
That gold, that cursed gold, that made me poison him  
Made me poison *Eugenio*.

*Con.* How made me poison him, he's a keaue I warrant

3. *Wa.* M. Constable has found him already, (him.

*Con.* I warrant you a knaue cannot passe me, go reprehend  
him, Ile take his excommunication my selfe.

1. *Wa.* Come afore the constable 2. *Wa.* Come afore the

Constable. *Con.* Sirrah sirrah, you would haue scap'd

Would you, no sirrah you shall know the Kings

Officers haue eyes to heare such roagues as you,

Come sirrah, confesse who it was you poison'd, he

Lookes like a notable roague. 1. *Wa.* I dooe not like

His lookes. 2. *Wa.* nor I. *Con.* You would deny it

Would you sirra, we shall sift you,

*Eu.* Alas maister *Con.* I cannot now deny what I haue  
You ouerheard me, I poisoned *Eugenio* sonne to (said

Lord *Polimetes*. 1. *Wa.* Oh rascall. 2. *Wa.* my

Young Landlord. *Con.* Let him alone, the law

Shall punish him, but sirra where did you poison

Him. *Eu.* About adayes iourney hence, as he was

Comming hom from *Athens* I met him, and

Poisoned him. *Con.* But sirrah who set you a worke

Confesse, I shall finde out the whole nest of these

Rogues, speake.

*Eu.* Count *Virro* hired me to do it.

*Con.* Oh lying Rascall. 1. *Wat.* Nay he that will steale  
will lye. 2. *Wat.* Ile beleue nothing he sayes.



3. *Wat.* Belye a man of worship. 4. *Wat.* A noble man.  
*Con.* Away with him, Ile heare no more, remit him to  
 Prison; Sirrah, you shall heare of these things  
 To morrow, where you would be loath to heare vñ.  
 Come lets goe. *exennt.*

## Actus quintus.

*Enter Franklin, Shallow, Luce, Francisco in a Parsons habit,  
 and a true Parson otherwise attyred.*

*Frank.* **I**L etake your counsell Sir, Ile not be seene in't, but  
 meeete you when tis done, youle marry them.

*Fran.* Feare not that Sir, Ile doe the deede.

*Frank.* I shall rest thankfull to you, still then Ile leaue you.

*Sha.* I pray father leaue vs, wee know how to behaue  
 our selues alone, mee thinkes *Luce* wee are too many by  
 two yet.

*Luce.* You are merry Sir. *exennt manet Franklin.*

*Frank.* Now they are sure or neuer, poore *Francisco*  
 Thou mettst thy match, when thou durst vndertake  
 To ouerreach me with tricks, wher's now your *Summer*?  
 Fore heauen I cannot but applaud my braine,  
 To take my daughter euen against her will,  
 And great with child by another, her shame publisht,  
 She cited to the Court, and yet bestow her  
 On such a fortune as rich *Shallow* is,  
 Nay that which is the Master-peece of all,  
 Make him beleeeue 'tis his, though he nere toucht her,  
 If men nere met with crosse in the world,  
 There were no difference twixt the wise and fooles,  
 But ile goe meeete vñ, when tis done, I feare not. *exit.*

*Enter Francisco, Farson, Shallow, Luce.*

*Fran.* Nay fret not now, you haue beene worse abusd  
 If

If you had married her, she neuer lou'd you.

*Luce.* I euer scorn'd thy folly and hated thee, though  
Sometimes afore my father I would make an Ass  
Of thee. *Shal.* Oh women, monstrous women,  
Little does her father know who has married her.

*Luce.* Yes, he knowes the Parson married me,  
And you can witnesse that.

*Fran.* And he shall know the Parson will lye with her.

*Shal.* Well Parson, I will be reuenged on all thy coate,  
I will not plough an Acre of ground for you to  
Tyth, Ile rather pasture my neighbours cattle  
For nothing.

*Par.* Oh be more charitable Sir, bid God giue vniouy.

*Shal.* I care not greatly if I do, he is not the first  
Parson that has taken a gentlemans leauings.

*Fran.* How meane you Sir?

*Shal.* You guesse my meaning, I hope to haue good luck  
To horse-flesh now she is a Parsons wife.

*Fran.* You haue laine with her then Sir.

*Shal.* I cannot tell you that, but if you saw a woman  
with child without lying with a man, then perhaps I haue  
not. *Luce.* Impudent Coxcombe, darest thou say that  
euer thou layst with mee, didst thou euer so much as kisse  
my hand in priuate.

*Shal.* These things must not be spoken of in company.

*Luce.* Thou know'st I euer hated thee.

*Shal.* But when you were i'th good humour you would  
tell me another tale. *Luce.* The foole is mad, by heauen my  
*Francisco* I am wrong'd. *He discouers himselfe.*

*Fran.* Then I must change my note, sirrah, vnsway  
What you haue spoken, sweare here before  
The Parson and my selfe, you neuer toucht her, for  
Ile cut thy throat, it is *Francisco* threatens thee.

*Shal.* I am in a sweete case, what should I doe now, her  
Father thinks I haue laine with her, if I deny it  
Heele haue about with me, if I say I haue, this  
Young rogue will cut my throat.

*An excellent Comedy*

*Fran.* Come will you sweare.

*Shal.* I would I were fairely off, I would lose my wench with all my heart, I sweare. *Fran.* So, now thou art free from any imputation that his tongue can stick vpon thee.

*Enter Franklin.*

*Frank.* Well now I see tis done. *Shal.* Her's one Shall talke with you. *Frank.* God giue you ioy sonne *Shallow.* *Fran.* I thanke you father.

*Frank.* How's this, *Francisco* in the Parsons habite,

*Fran.* I haue married her as you bad me Sir, but this Was the truer Parson of the two, he tyed the Knot, and this Gentleman is our witness.

*Frank.* I am vndone, Strumpet thou hast betraied thy selfe to beggary, to shame besides, and that in open Court, but take what thou hast sought, hang, beg, and starue, ile neuer pittie thee.

*Luce.* Good Sir.

*Shal.* I told you what would come on't.

*Frank.* How did your wife doe lose her?

*Shal.* Eene as you see, I was beguild, and so were you.

*Frank.* *Francisco* take her, thou see'st the portion thou art like to haue. *Fran.* Tis such a portion as will euer please mee, but for her sake be not vnnaturall.

*Luce.* Do not reiect me father. *Fran.* But for the fault that she must answere for, or shame shee should endure in Court, behold her yet an vntoucht Virgin, Cushion come forth, here signior *Shallow*, take your child vnto you, make much of it, it may proue as wise as the father.

*He flugs the Cushion at him.*

*Frank.* This is more strange then tother, ah *Luce*, wert Thou so subtil to deceiue thy selfe, and me; well Take thy fortune, tis thine owne choise.

*Fran.* Sir we can force no bounty from you, and therefore must rest content with what your pleasure is.

*Enter Euphues, Alphonso.*

*Al.* Yonder he is my Lord, that's he in the Parsons Habet, he is thus disguisd about the businesse I told you of,

*Lysan-*



*Lysandro*, see your noble father.

*Eu.* Welcome my long lost sonne from all the stormes  
Offrowning fortune that thou hast endur'd  
Into thy fathers armes.

*Luce.* Is my *Francisco* noble. *Frank.* Lord *Euphues*  
sonne, I am amaz'd. *Eup.* I heare *Lysandro* that you are  
married. *Francisco.* Yes my Lord, this is my Bride, the  
Daughter and Heyre of this rich Gentleman, twas onely  
she that when my state was nothing, my poore selfe and  
Parentage vnkowne, vouchsaf't to know, nay grace mee  
with her loue, her constant loue.

*Euph.* Such merit must not be forgot my sonne,  
Daughter much ioy attend vpon your choise.

*Fran.* Now wants but your consent.

*Frank.* Which with a willing heart I do bestow,  
Pardon me worthy sonne, I haue so long  
Beene hard to you, twas ignorance  
Of what you were, and care I tooke for her.

*Fran.* Your care needes no Apology.

*Euph.* But now *Lysandro* I must make thee sad  
Vpon thy wedding day, and let thee know  
There is no pure and vncompounded ioy  
Lent to mortality, in depth of woe  
Thou meetst the knowledge of thy parentage,  
Thy elder brother *Philocles* must dye,  
And in his his tragedy, our name and house  
Had sunke for euer, had not gracious heauen  
Sent as a comfort to my childelesse age,  
Thy long lost selfe supporter of the name.

*Fran.* But can there be no meanes to saue his life.

*Euph.* Alas ther's none, the King has tane an oath  
Neuer to pardon him, but since they say  
His Maiesty repents, and faine would saue him.

*Fran.* Then am I wretched, like a man long blind,  
That comes at last to see the wisht for sonne,  
But finds it in ecclipse, such is my case,  
To meete in this darke woe my dearest friends,

*An excellent Comedy*

*Eu.* Had you not heard this newes before *Lyfandro?*

*Fran.* Yes Sir, and did lament,  
As for a worthy stranger, but nere knew  
My sorrow stood engag'd by such a tye  
As brotherhood, where may we see him Sir?

*Eu.* This morning hee's arraign'd, put of that habite  
You are in, and goe along with me, leaue your  
Friends heere awhile. *Fran.* Farewell father,  
Deare *Luce* till soone farewell, nought but so sad  
A chaunce, could make mee cloudy now. *Exeunt*

*Frank:* Well *Luce* thy choice has proued better then we  
Expected, but this cloud of griefe has dimde  
Our mirth, but will I hope blow ouer,  
Heauen graunt it may.

And signior *Shallow*, though you haue mist what  
My loue meant you once, pray be my guest.

*Shal.* I thanke you Sir, Ile not be strange. *Exeunt*

*Enter King, Nicanor.*

*King.* *Nicanor*, I would find some priuy place  
Where I might stand vnscene, vnknowne of any,  
To heare the arraignment of yong *Philocles*.

*Ni.* The Iudges are now entring, please you Sir  
Heere to ascend, you may both heare and see.

*King.* Well Ile goe vp,  
And like a iealous husband heere and see  
That that will strike me dead, am I a King  
And cannot pardon such a small offence,  
I cannot doo't, nor am I *Cesar* now,  
Lust has vncrown'd me, and my rash tane oath  
Has rest me of a Kings prerogatiue,  
Come come *Nicanor*, helpe me to ascend,  
And see that fault that I want power to mend. *Ascendant*

*Enter 3. Iudges, Virro, Polimetes, Euphues, Francisco,  
Leucothoes, Clerimont, Roscio.*

*I. In.* Bring forth the prisoner, where are the witnesses?

*Pol.* Here my Lords, I am the wrong'd party,  
And the fact my man, here besides the Officers

That

That tooke them can iustifie. 2. *In.* That's enough,

*Enter Philoctes with a guard.*

1. *In.* *Philoctes* stand to the Barre, and answer to such Crimes as shall be here objected against thy life.

Read the enditement.

*Phi.* Spare that labour,  
I do confesse the fact that I am charg'd with,  
And speake as much as my accusers can,  
As much as all the witnesses can proue,  
Twas I that stole away the Daughter and Heire  
Of the Lord *Polimetes*, which went to doe againe  
Rather then lose her, I againe would venture,  
This was the fact, your sentence honour'd fathers,

*Cler.* Tis braue and resolute.

1. *In.* A heauy sentence noble *Philoctes*,  
And such a one, as I could wish my selfe  
Off from this place, some other might deliuer,  
You must dye for it, death is your sentence. (to *Pol.*)

*Phi.* Which I embrace with willingnesse, now my Lord,  
Is your hate glutted yet, or is my life  
Too poore a sacrifice to appease the rancor  
Of your inueterate malice, if it be to  
Inuent some scandall that may after blot  
My reputation, father dry your teares,  
Weepe not for me, my death shall leaue no staine  
Vpon your blood, nor blot on your faire name:  
The honour'd ashes of my ancessors  
May still rest quiet in their tearewet Vrnes  
For any fact of mine, I might haue liu'd  
If heauen had not preuented it, and found  
Death for some foule dishonourable act.  
Brother farewell, no sooner haue I found to *Francisco*  
But I must leaue thy wisht for company.  
Farewell my dearest loue, liue thou still happy,  
And may some one of more desert then I,  
Be blest in the enjoying what I loose,  
I neede not wish him happinesse that has thee,

For



*An excellent Comedy*

For thou wilt bring it, may hee proue as good  
As thou art worthy. *Leu.* dearest *Philocles*,  
There is no roome for any man but thee  
Within this brest, oh good my Lords  
Bee mercifull, condemne vs both together  
Our faults are both a like, why should the law  
Bee parciall thus, and lay it all on him,

1. *Lu.* Lady, I would we could as lawfully  
Saue him as you, hee should not dye for this,

*Enter Constable leading Eugenio.*

How now, whose that you haue brought there?

*Con.* A benefactor, if it please your Lordships,  
I reprehended him in my watch last night.

*Vir.* It is taken.

2. *Lu.* What's his offence? *Con.* murder.

*Watch.* No matter Constable, twas but poisoning of a

*Con.* Go thou art a foole.

(man.

*Vir.* I am vndon for euer, all will out.

3. *Lu.* What proofes haue you against him?

*Con.* His owne profession if it please your honor.

3. *Lu.* And thats an ill profession, to be a murderer, thou  
Meanest hee has confest the fact.

*Con.* Yes my Lord, hee cannot deny it.

1. *Lu.* Did he not name the party who it was that he had  
Poisoned? *Con.* marry with reuerance be it spoken,  
It was *Eugenio*, my Lord *Polimeres* his sonne.

*Pol.* How's this 1. *Lu.* He di'd long sence at *Athens*.

*Pol.* I cannot tell what I should thinke of it,  
This is the man that lately brought me newes  
My sonne was liuing.

2. *Lu.* Fellow stand to the barre, thou hearst thy accusation  
What canst thou say. *Eug.* Ah my good Lord,  
I cannot now deny what I haue saide,  
This man ordeard me, as my bleeding heart  
Was making a confession of my crime.

*Con.* I told him ant shall please your Lordships  
The Kings officers had eies to heare such rascalls.

You

1. *In.* You haue bin carefull in your office Constable,  
You may now leaue your Prisoner,

*Con.* Ile leaue the fellow with your Lordship.

1. *In.* Farewel good *Con.* Murder I see will out. *exit Con.*  
Why didst thou poiſon him. *Eng.* I was poore,  
And want made me be hir'd.

2. *In.* Hir'd, by whom? *En.* By Count *Virro*,  
There he ſtands.

*Vir.* I do beſeech your Lordships not to credit  
What this baſe fellow ſpeakes, I am innocent.

1. *In.* I doe belecue you are, firrah ſpeake truth,  
You haue not long to liue. *En.* Pleaſe it your Lordship  
I may relate the manner. 3. *In.* doe.

*Eng.* *Eugenio* was aliue when firſt the newes  
Was ſpred in *Syracuse* he was dead,  
Which falſe report Count *Virro* crediting,  
Became an earneſt ſuitor to his Siſter  
Thinking her Heyre, but finding afterwards  
Her brother liu'd, and comming home  
Not a dayes iourney hence, he ſent me to him,  
And with a promiſe of ſiue hundred crownes  
Hir'd me to poyſon him, that this is true  
Heer's his owne hand to witneſſe it againſt him,  
Pleaſe it your Lordships to peruſe the writing.

1. *In.* This is his hand. 2. *In.* Sure as I liue,  
I haue ſcene Warrants from him with iuſt theſe  
Carracters. 3. *In.* Beſides me thinks this fellowes  
Tale is likely. *Pol.* Tis too true,  
This fellowes ſuddaine going from my houſe  
Put me into a feare.

1. *In.* Count *Virro*, ſtand to the barre,  
What can you ſay to cleere you of this murder?

*Vir.* Nothing my Lords, I muſt confeſſe the fact.

2. *In.* Why then againſt you both doe I pronounce.  
Sentence of death. *Amb.* The Law is iuſt.

*Pol.* Wretch that I am, is my diſſembled grieve  
Turn'd to true ſorrow, were my acted teares

But Prophecies of my ensuing woe,  
And is he truly dead: oh pardon me  
Deare Ghost of my *Eugenio*, twas my fault  
That cal'd this hasty vengeance from the Gods,  
And shortened thus thy life, for whilst with tricks  
I sought to fasten wealth vpon our house,  
I brought a Canniball to be the graue  
Of me and mine, base bloody murderous Count.

*Vir.* Vile Cousiner, cheating Lord, dissembler.

*I.* Peace, stop the mouth of malediction there,  
This is no place to raile in.

*Eu.* Ye iust powers,  
That to the quality of mans offence,  
Shape your correcting rods, and punish there  
Where he has sinn'd, did not my bleeding heart  
Beare such a heauy share in this dayes woe,  
I could with a free soule applaud your iustice.

*Pol.* Lord *Euphues* and *Philocles* forgiue me  
To make amends, I know's impossible  
For what my malice wrought, but I would faine  
Doe somewhat that might testifie my grieve  
And true repentance. *Eu.* This is that I look't for.

*Eup.* Y'are kind too late my Lord, had you bin thus  
When neede required, y'had sau'd your selfe and me,  
Our haplesse sonnes, but if your grieve be true  
I can forgiue you heartily. *Phi.* And I,

*Eng.* Now comes my que, my Lord *Polimetes*,  
Vnder correction let me aske one question.

*Pol.* What question? speake. *Eu.* if this young Lord  
Should liue, would you bestow your Daughter  
Willingly vpon him, would you Lord?

*Pol.* As willingly as I would breath my selfe.

*Eng.* Then dry all your eyes,  
Ther's no man heare shall haue a cause to weeke, *to Phil.*  
Your life is sau'd, *Leucothoe* is no Heire,  
Her brother liues, and that cleares you Count *Virro*  
Of your supposed murder. *All.* How, liues?

*Eu.*



*called the Heire.*

*En.* Yes liues to call thee brother *Philocles.*

*He discovers himselfe.*

*Lew.* Oh my deare Brother. *Pol.* My sonne,  
Welcome from death.

*En.* Pardon me good my Lord that I thus long  
Haue from your knowledge kept my selfe conceal'd,  
My end was honest. *Pol.* I see twas,  
And now sonne *Philocles* giue mee thy hand,  
Heere take thy wife, she loues thee I dare sweare,  
And for the wrong that I intended thee,  
Her portion shall be double what I meant it.

*Phi.* I thanke your Lordship. *Pol.* Brother *Euphues*,  
I hope all enmity is now forgot  
Betwixt our houses.

*En.* Let it be euer so, I do embrace your loue.

*Vir.* Well my life is sau'd yet, though my wench be lost,  
God giue you ioy. *Phi.* Thankes good my Lord.

1. *In.* How suddenly this tragicke sceane is chang'd,  
And turn'd to Comedy. 2. *In.* Tis very strange. *The King*

*Pol.* Let vs conclude within. *King.* Stay, *speakes*  
And take my ioy with you. *Eup.* His Maiesty from aboue  
Is comming downe, let vs attend. *Enter King.*

*King.* These iarres are well clos'd vp, now *Philocles*,  
What my rash oath deni'de me, this blest howre  
And happy accident has brought to passe,  
The sauing of thy life. *Phi.* A life my Leige,  
That shall be euer ready to be spent

Vpon your seruice. *King.* Thankes good *Philocles*,  
But wher's the man whose happy presence brought  
All this vnlook't for sport: where is *Eugenio*?

*En.* Heere my dread Leige. *King.* Welcome to Syra-  
Welcome *Eugenio*, prithee aske some boone *(cuse,*  
That may requite the good that thou hast done.

*En.* I thanke your Maiesty, what I haue done  
Needes no requitall, but I haue a suite  
Vnto Lord *Euphues*, please it your Maiesty  
To be to him an intercessor for me,

*An excellent Come dy*

I make no question but I shall obtaine.

*King.* What is it? speake, it shall be granted thee.

*Eu.* That it would please him to bestow on me  
His Neece, the faire and vertuous Lady *Leda*.

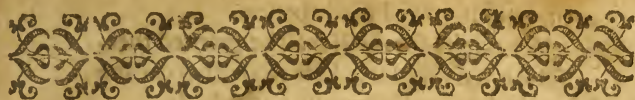
*Euph.* With all my heart, I know 'twill please her well,  
I haue often heard her praise *Eugenio*,  
It shall be done within.

*King.* Then here all strife ends,  
He be your guest my selfe to day, and helpe  
To solemnize this double marriage.

*Pol.* Your royall presence shall much honour vs.

*King.* Then leade away, the happy knot you tye,  
Concludes in loue two houses enmity.

**F I N I S.**



## EPILOGVS.

**O**Vr Authors heire if it be legitimate  
Tis his, if not, he dares the worst of fate,  
For if a Bastard, charity is such,  
That what you giue, it cannot be too much,  
And he, and we, vow if it may be shorne,  
To doe as much for yours, as for our owne.

FINIS.



